THE

PREJUDICES.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

B. FRERE CHERENSI,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS IN FRENCH, WHICH HAVE MET WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE PUBLIC REVIEWS.

" Du ſein de tant de paſſions diverſes, je vois l'opinion s'elever un trone
" inebranlable, et les ſtupides mortels aſſervis a ſon empire, ne fonder leur
" propre exiſtence que ſur les jugemens d'autrui."

ROUSSEAU....Emile, Tome 2.

" By heaven, I'd rather weed out one unmanly prejudice from the hearts of
" my countrymen, than add another Indies to their empire."

CUMBERLAND....Faſhionable Lover, Act 5.

=Hereford=

PRINTED BY D. WALKER;

AND

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN HEREFORD,

AND T. CHAPMAN, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

=1796=

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Comedy, rejected by the Managers of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, is now preſented to the Public, with a view, that the deciſion may be confirmed, or the Author acquitted of preſumption in offering it for repreſentation.

As his firſt attempt in the Engliſh language, the Author may certainly claim ſome indulgence; but, fully aware that no man who feels himſelf unequal to the taſk, ſhould intrude his compoſition on the Public, he diſmiſſes the plea, leaving his Readers to applaud, condemn, or ſleep over his Play in their cloſets, ſince Meſſrs. GRUBB and HARRIS have denied them that gratification at the Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Doctor GOODALL.
Lord DELVIL.

Sir ADAM PEDIGREE.	Lady PEDIGREE.
Mr. WEALTHY.	Mrs. WEALTHY.
CHARLES WEALTHY.	FANNY PEDIGREE.
Capt. SIDNEY.	Mrs. SIDNEY.
FERRET.	DEBORAH PEDIGREE.
SCRIBBLE.	AND
TAPE.	CAROLINE SIDNEY.

Servants of Sir ADAM PEDIGREE.
Servants of Mr. WEALTHY.
Sailors and Paſſengers.
A Beggar.

SCENE.... *In Kent, near the Coaſt.*

THE

PREJUDICES.

ACT I.

SCENE---*Pedigree Hall.*

Enter Sir ADAM PEDIGREE.

Sir Adam.

THE ſon of Mr. Wealthy, the merchant, to marry the only daughter of Sir Adam Pedigree! Monſtrous! Shall the noble blood of my anceſtors, which has flowed uncontaminated through the veins of fifteen generations, mix its purity with the polluted ſtream of the Wealthy's? Impoſſible!---Yet, their fortune ſo ſplendid, however plebeian-like acquired---the offer is too tempting, it muſt not be rejected. In this degenerate age of financiers and monied men, gold, gold alone can reſcue the titles of a noble family from the jeſt of fools and the ruſt of oblivion. Well, if ſo, I muſt ſubmit. Yet Lord Delvil, the only ſon of the Right Honourable the Earl of Marle, and heir to his immenſe fortune and ſplendid titles, is now an inmate of my houſe: he has ſeen my daughter---the reaſon of his viſit I

gueſs---he may offer himſelf, and then---aye, but my promiſe to old Wealthy. The word of a man of honour ought to be ſacred---yes, with his equals, I confeſs; but with a plebeian---there ſurely is a wide difference.---Well, well, I'll conſider of it. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord DELVIL *and* FERRET.

Delvil. Well, my worthy Chaplain, here I am in the antiquated manſion of the Pedigrees, ready and moſt willing to proffer my amorous ſervices to the fair damſel thereof.

Ferret. But, is ſhe not abroad?

Delvil. Yes; dutiful-like, ſhe accompanied her conſumptive mother to France, who was diſpatch'd to Beziers by order of the faculty: but the revolution which has lately broke out in that kingdom, and the conſequences which followed, have ſo exaſperated old Pedigree, that he has iſſued his mandate for their ſudden return home, in order to gratify his ſpleen againſt French politics, and, likewiſe, to get rid of his wife.

Ferret. And ſo your Lordſhip has poſted hither to lie in wait---

Delvil. What elſe could entice me under this mould'ring roof. Is it to be eternally bandied about like a ſhuttlecock by old Pedigree and the antiquated maid, his ſiſter? My Lord here, your Lordſhip there, and dulneſs and ſtupidity every where: but the arrival of my lovely Fanny will ſoon enliven the ſcene, and reward me, I

hope, with her ſweet perſon for the moſt trying of all virtues---patience.

Ferret. Your Lordſhip knows, I preſume, ſhe is betrothed to young Wealthy.

Delvil. A paltry, weak fence I'll ſoon break through. But, hark-ye, thou imp of ſatan, I ſhall have occaſion for your holy ſervices in this buſineſs.

Ferret. I beſeech your Lordſhip to ſpare me this once. I have already gone ſuch lengths in your Lordſhip's ſervice, and my conſcience---

Delvil. None of your hypocritical cant with me. If your conſcience prick you, blunt its ſting, by returning the rewards of your iniquity.

Ferret. No, no; that would carry the joke too far.---[*Aſide.*]---Yet your Lordſhip ſhould conſider my cloth.

Delvil. Thy cloth is the only thing about thee that ſmells not of hypocriſy, though, like thyſelf, 'tis all black. Now, Ferret, after having been the inſtigator of all the injuries I have done to the poor, deluded Caroline, how canſt thou talk to me, who know thee ſo well, of thy conſcience and thy cloth?

Ferret. My Lord, I ſometimes practice cant alone and before you, that I might not forget myſelf in public. Your Lordſhip ought to thank me for the precaution.

Delvil. Well, Sir, I do thank you---for I ſhould be ſorry that the world knew, what a

villain my conſcience tells me I am. Ah! Ferret, it ſtrikes home here. I verily believe that the weeping image of poor, ſeduced Caroline, would haunt me even in the arms of that bewitching girl, Fanny Pedigree!

Ferret. Mere prejudices of education, my Lord.

Delvil. I'll endeavour to conquer them by ruſhing headlong into this new plot. And now, Sir, if you deſire a continuance of my favours, I muſt expect your co-operation.

Ferret. Your Lordſhip bears down all oppoſition---The living of Dornton, in your Lordſhip's gift, is vacant, and---

Delvil. Aye, aye, throw Fanny into my arms, it is thine; elſe---

Ferret. Well, my Lord, what muſt I do?

Delvil. As thou haſt done ſo often before in my ſervice: call forth all thy powers of intrigue; lye, or tell truth, as the occaſion requires; inſinuate thyſelf into the confidence, and become the adviſer, of the family; bribe the ſervants; ſmile, flatter, fawn to their maſter; but, above all, be laviſh of thy attentions to that wrinkled hag, the aunt of my fair one. Sit *tête-à-tête* with her; dangle after her, fall in love with her; play with her monkey, talk to her parrot, ſtroke her cat, and feed her lap-dog.

Ferret. Well, my Lord, all this ſhall be done---but remember the living of Dornton.

[*Going.*

Delvil. Ferret!

Ferret. My Lord.

Delvil. A-propos---there is a ſyſtematical, pragmatical, conſcientious, old pedant of a parſon, Doctor Goodall, I think, they call him. This fellow's deciſions are looked upon as oracles in this houſe; nay, he has the talent or good fortune to obtain the confidence and eſteem of every family in the county.

Ferret. And, what then, my Lord?

Delvil. You muſt ingratiate yourſelf with this dull and learned divine: humbug him with orthodoxy, teſts acts, high church notions, and the like----you underſtand me.

Ferret. Aye, Aye, plainly enough; your Lordſhip is a rare patron!---To become the beau of an old maid---and to humbug a parſon with his own means of deluſion!---Why, this is like laying about harlequin's head with his own wooden ſword. Well, it ſhall be done---but, the living of Dornton, my Lord---remember the living of Dornton. [*Exit.*

Delvil (ſolus.) A rare fellow this! with talents like theſe, the raſcal would do for a Prime Miniſter.---But here comes the old don.

Enter Sir ADAM.

Sir Adam. My Lord, your Lordſhip---

Delvil. Sir Adam, will you favour me with ten minutes' converſation in your cloſet?

Sir Adam. My Lord---

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mr. Wealthy and ſon, and Doctor Goodall, Sir. [*They enter.*

Wealthy. My Lord, your moſt obedient. Sir Adam, in compliance with my ſon's deſire, I am come to tranſact, and finally to diſpatch, with you, the articles and items of the ſettlement, which---

Sir Adam. Mr. Wealthy---his Lordſhip, my Lord Delvil, has juſt intimated his deſire for a private conference with me; therefore, whatever may be Mr. Wealthy's tranſaction, and his motives for diſpatch, he has, I truſt, too profound a reverence for high rank and noble origin, not to ſee the propriety of my complying, firſt, with his Lordſhip's previous requeſt, and, then, to attend, with his Lordſhip's leave, to whatever Mr. Wealthy has to urge. Shall I lead the way, my Lord. [*Stalks out.*

Delvil. Sir, I follow you. [*Exit.*

Wealthy [*laughing*] Doctor, what a ſtiff, comical, old fool this! The fellow nods, and ſpouts, and ſtruts, as if all his muſty family records were converted into bank notes.

Goodall. Sir Adam, I confeſs, has too great a partiality for the name of his anceſtors; but, notwithſtanding this hobby-horſe, he is, you know, a generous, well-meaning, reſpectable gentleman.

Wealthy. I wonder how a man can fall into ſo glaring a prejudice, as to pride and value

himſelf upon the merits of the dead; for where is the uſe?

Goodall. Though I am far from attaching the ſame importance to genealogy that Sir Adam does, yet the high reverence the heir of an ancient family entertains for the virtues of his anceſtors, often prevents him from acting anyway unbecoming the great name he bears. It is the ſame as being under the inſpection of a perſon whoſe good opinion it is our intereſt to obtain, and our pride to deſerve.

Wealthy. Pooh! what ſignifies a man's name? Give me a plumb, and call me Old Nick, if you pleaſe.

Goodall [*ſmiling.*] Now, Mr. Wealthy, I think you are as prejudiced in one inſtance, as Sir Adam in the other.

Wealthy. I prejudiced! prejudices indeed! for a groat I would ſell all the prejudices in the world. What has a merchant to do with prejudices?---Money is my purſuit.

Goodall. And money, Sir, is your hobby-horſe; and, believe me, that great, I muſt ſay too great, regard for money, ariſes from as ſtrong a prejudice as Sir Adam's reverence for the name of his anceſtors.

Wealthy. Well, Doctor, you are a learned man, ſo I will not diſpute with you about the meaning of words; but, after all, believe me, there is nothing like money; without it, this Lord Delvil, for inſtance, now ſo proud and ſo courted, would be humble and ſlighted.---

At the ſame time, it makes me mad to ſee theſe lordlings enjoy all the ſweets and comforts of life, without having done any thing to deſerve them: for, of what good are they to the nation? As for me, though I am what you call a ſnug man, yet the nation has been benefited by my ſucceſs; and it is fit and fair I ſhould enjoy a fortune ſo uſefully acquired: for trade, you know, Doctor, trade is the pillar, the main ſupport of this opulent iſland.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, I aſk you this one queſtion.

Wealthy. Twenty, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Goodall. Do you think there is any merit due to a perſon, who, accidentally and involuntarily, ſhould benefit another, becauſe it would otherwiſe be impoſſible for him to benefit himſelf?

Wealthy. No, certainly.

Goodall. And, now, pray, Sir, was it the nation's good or your own you had in view, when you commenced merchant?

Wealthy. Doctor, you put ſuch odd queſtions to one---Well, I confeſs it; I ſought, in the accumulation of wealth, but my own conveniency.

Goodall. Well, Sir, from ſuch an inſtance of your candour, I hope you will in future bear with more toleration the diſplay of his Lordſhip's opulence.

Charles. Doctor, if it is not preſumption in me to adviſe my father, I would conjure him

to avoid mentioning any political topics in his conference with Sir Adam; for they are warmly and decidedly of oppoſite opinions, and more than once have I trembled---

Wealthy. Hold your tongue---Am I to deſert my principles by my ſilence? and ſhall I humour this old, proud, conceited fool, when the right of my cauſe ſtares him full in the face?

Charles. But what have we to do with politics? is it not enough to promote the happineſs of ourſelves, and of thoſe around us, without intermeddling---

Goodall. Now, young gentleman, becauſe a ſingle object ingroſſes, for the preſent, all the affections of your heart, you are wondering how others can feel intereſt for the welfare of mankind! How often have I heard you repeat with enthuſiaſm the *homo ſum* of Terence? and will you behold, unconcerned, the momentous change that is taking place in a country ſo near your own, when the reſult muſt ſo materially affect the intereſts of your fellow-citizens?

Wealthy. Bravo! Doctor! excellently well ſpoken---you never delivered from the pulpit ſo good, ſo fine a ſpeech.

Goodall. Yet, there is in my young friend's intreaty a clauſe which I muſt beg of you to comply with; that is, to keep clear from political diſcuſſions. Any argument from you would, I am perſuaded, be unavailing to con-

vince Sir Adam Pedigree: and ſhould he happen to have eſpouſed the right ſide of the queſtion, he is not the man who could make a convert of you.

Wealthy. Well, my good Doctor, to ſhew my deference to your advice, I conſent to ſpare him this once, provided he does not make an attack upon me.

Goodall. Even then, Sir, I would refrain: for, in moſt of theſe argumental diſcuſſions, the vanity of making converts, greatly exceeds the deſire of eradicating prejudices.

Wealthy. This is requiring a vaſt deal.---Well, nevertheleſs, I will comply.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Adam bade me inform you, Sir, that having finiſhed his conference with my Lord, he is at liberty to attend to your concerns. [*Exit.*

Wealthy. I'll be with him this minute.

Charles. Pray, Sir, remember your promiſe.

Wealthy. I will, boy, I will.

[*Exit with* Charles.

Enter FERRET, *at the oppoſite ſide.*

Ferret [*aſide.*] Egad! here's the Doctor. I'm afraid he is not ſo manageable a tool as the old Lady---at all events, he muſt have his bias and prejudices. Let me but once find them out, and if I don't mould him like wax---

beſides, there is a ſnug living in the gift of the family, intended for his reverence, and there I moſt decidedly enter my proteſt. [*Making up to the Doctor*] Doctor, I hope you will allow a brother Clergyman to conſult his intereſt ſo far, as to be deſirous of forming an acquaintance with a gentleman ſo much beloved and reſpected as you certainly are.

Goodall. I thank you, Sir, for your civil offer; but a perſon of my ſecluded way of living can afford but little entertainment to a gentleman, at whoſe age it is ſo natural to look out for more lively companions.

Ferret. Ah! Doctor, I loath ſocieties, aſſemblies, routs; the man of reflection is ſtunned there, and the man of candour ſcandalized. Books, Sir, books are my greateſt ſolace, my beſt friends.

Goodall. Yet, Sir, as a companion to his Lordſhip, I ſhould think it a difficult taſk---

Ferret. Doctor, I admire your penetration; that very conſideration has induced me to part from my Lord. His way of life is, certainly, too diſſipated for a perſon of my ſober turn, and, I may add, for a gentleman of my calling.---A-propos, Doctor, I wiſh you joy.

Goodall. Upon what occaſion, Sir.

Ferret. On your preſentation to the living of Malvert. Sir Adam has intimated to me his intention of preſenting you with it, and every body muſt applaud the Baronet's choice in this inſtance.

Goodall. I am greatly obliged to Sir Adam for his kindneſs; but, I hope, he knows me too well to be ſurprized at my declining ſuch a gift.

Ferret. Not accept a living worth five hundred pounds a-year!

Goodall. No, Sir.

Ferret. But, ſurely, Doctor, your objections to pluralities are over ſcrupulous in this inſtance.

Goodall. Were I to accept the preſentation to the living of Malvert, being already Rector of this pariſh, I ſhould, certainly, be guilty of breaking through the ſpirit of my religion; of robbing a worthy Clergyman of a comfortable maintenance; of doing an irreparable injury to the ſpiritual, and, perhaps, temporal, intereſts of the pariſhioners; and of publicly eating the bread I never could well earn.

Ferret. Ah, Doctor, were I a pluraliſt, ſuch pious notions would induce me to practice your doctrine.---Mere cant this---at all events I ſhall prevent thee from being guilty of ſo heinous a crime [*Aſide.*]---But, Doctor, ſince your conſcience forbids your taking both livings, you might, ſurely, accept that which affords the larger income.

Goodall. So I would, Sir, were I thirty years younger; but ever ſince that time I have lived in this ſpot, and am attached to the pariſhioners from habit and eſteem; and the diſlike of forſaking, at my age, old for new acquain-

tances, is the reaſon, more than any contempt for riches, that would determine me to prefer this living to the more valuable one of Malvert.

Ferret [*aſide.*] Here is hypocriſy with a vengeance!---a deep dog this!---[*Sir* Adam Pedigree *and Mr.* Wealthy *are heard quarrelling.*] I told my Lord the cloſet would be too ſmall to contain theſe two mighty champions. I'll haſten to Deborah---I muſt ſend her hither to counteract the effects of this man of peace.---Doctor, the delight and inſtruction I receive in your company, would rivet me to this ſpot; but I perceive, with the deepeſt concern, a quarrel breaking out between the heads of the two families, whom it is the wiſh of every one to ſee united. I muſt withdraw, leſt I be witneſs to a ſcene as hurtful to my feelings as repugnant to my reaſon. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir ADAM *and Mr.* WEALTHY, *followed by* CHARLES *interceding.*

Charles. Now, Gentlemen, let me intreat you to be calm.

Wealthy. I tell you, Sir Adam, it is a juſt and wiſe decree; it does immortal honour to the National Aſſembly; and ought to be adopted by every other nation on earth.

Sir Adam. What, Sir! you dare to affirm, that the example of that raſcally nation, in depriving the nobles of their deareſt, moſt

precious, moſt glorious rights---that an idea ſo horrid, ſo monſtrous, ought to be followed by every nation on earth!

Wealthy. I do, Sir.

Sir Adam. What, Sir! would you put upon the ſame level the man of a thouſand years and the being of a day?

Charles. Pray, father, do forbear.

Wealthy. Leave me alone.---Moſt certainly I would.

Sir Adam. Then, Sir, I muſt tell you, that henceforth you and I can have no further intercourſe.

Charles. Now, father, pray, remember your promiſe.

Wealthy. Stand out of the way---With all my heart, Sir.

Charles. Sir Adam, let me intreat you---

Sir Adam. It is not fit my daughter ſhould degrade herſelf by ſo baſe an alliance.

Wealthy. Nor ſhall my ſon ſtarve himſelf by a connection with ſuch beggarly pride---[Charles *goes alternately from his father to Sir* Adam.]

Sir Adam. Sir, your ideas are as grovelling and mean as your origin.

Wealthy. Sir, I am the ſon of a man, as well as you; and were we to caſt accounts, I believe I ſhould prove myſelf the better man.

Sir Adam. And do you pretend, Sir, purſe-proud as you are, to think yourſelf equal to a perſon of my importance?

Wealthy. Aye! and as much above, as a golden guinea is to a braſs ſhilling.

Sir Adam. Sir! you are an impertinent, impudent, abuſive fellow! and I have nothing further to ſay to you.

Wealthy. Sir! let me tell you that---

Charles. My father, for your ſon's ſake---

Wealthy. Get away, you puppy---Let me tell you that ſuch language from---

Goodall. Sir Adam, and you, Mr. Wealthy, where are your paternal feelings? How can you be ſo cruel as to ſacrifice the happineſs of your children, merely to indulge guſts of paſſion, ſo unbecoming the gentleman? What! you, Sir Adam, the repreſentative of ſo illuſtrious a family---and you, Mr. Wealthy, whoſe name is mentioned with reſpect in every part of the commercial globe---are now ſo loſt to all reflection and decency, as to become the mere ſport of paſſion! For ſhame, gentlemen! either act up to the conſciouſneſs of your importance, or renounce all claim to the reſpect of mankind.

Sir Adam. But, Doctor, is a gentleman of my importance tamely to ſubmit to a treatment, which none but muſhrooms can put up with?

Wealthy. Is a man of my worth to be abuſed, as if he had not a guinea in the world to buy a friend with?

Goodall. My good Sirs, you never can be degraded, but in conſequence of our own miſ-

deeds. Bear with calmneſs and ſilent contempt the inſults of the abuſive man, and he will be doubly covered with the ſhame and diſgrace he intended for you.

Enter DEBORAH.

(The Doctor ſits down and opens a book.)

Deborah [*making up to Wealthy.*] Sir, I muſt needs ſay, that what I have been juſt told of you, has conſiderably abated my opinion of your diſcretion.

Wealthy. What have you heard of me, Madam?

Deborah. That you are ſo groſsly ignorant of the laws and etiquette of the polite world, as to ſet up your claims in oppoſition to my Lord Delvil's pretenſions.

Wealthy. I am very little diſpoſed to give way to the pretenſions of any lord; but what have I to do with that nobleman's pretenſions?

Deborah. Not give way to the pretenſions of a nobleman? What a barbarian! Pray, Sir, where are your manners? Where are your feelings? Where is your ſenſibility? Where--- Sir Adam, ſpeak for me. I cannot ſtoop ſo low as to hold diſcourſe with a perſon whoſe ideas are ſo grovelling.

Sir Adam. Since my ſiſter has condeſcended to hint to you, Sir, our approbation of the addreſſes of my Lord Delvil to Miſs Frances Pedigree, the conſciouſneſs of your inferiority muſt give you to underſtand, that any ex-

poſtulation on your part muſt be unavailing.

Wealthy. I expoſtulate! I'll ſee myſelf firſt reduced to the laſt guinea. Come along, my boy, and let us leave theſe Lords, Ladies, and Baronets to herd together.

Deborah. Sir! you are an unmannerly brute! People of our quality to herd together! No one but a bear could ſhock a lady of my delicacy with ſo ſwiniſh an expreſſion. I ſay, Sir, you are an unmannerly brute! Sir Adam, I wonder you can patiently bear an inſult ſo degrading.

Sir Adam. Mr. Wealthy, the meanneſs of your birth betrays itſelf by the coarſeneſs of your language; and were you a gentleman of my rank, ſuch a provocation would draw upon you the chaſtiſement of my ſword; but you are a low-bred mortal, and every way unworthy to receive your death by the hand of Sir Adam Pedigree.

Wealthy. A fig for your ſword---and to have done with you at once, I tell you that---

Sir Adam. Miſs Pedigree, let us follow the precept of our good friend the Doctor, and by withdrawing with ſilent contempt, remember that the inſults of the abuſive man, doubly covers him with the ſhame and diſgrace he intended for us. [*Stalks out.*

Deborah. Well ſaid, Sir Adam. I will follow you with ſilent contempt for ſo con-

temptible a man. [*Going, returns.*] People of our quality to herd! The purity of my imagination will, I am afraid, long remain foul from ſo filthy an expreſſion. [*Goes, returns.*] Uncultivated boor! were wretches of thy ſtamp to have their way, we ſhould ſoon ſee an end to all delicacy and propriety of language, and a total ſubverſion of order and decorum. We ſhould then hear of the polite circles of the ſwine, and the grunting herds of the faſhionable world; we ſhould---but I will not demean myſelf or my dignity by talking to ſo low-bred, and ſo meanly born a fellow; and ſo I'll withdraw, as the Doctor ſays, with ſilent, very ſilent contempt. [*Goes, returns.*] Lords, Ladies, and Baronets to herd together! never before was the delicacy of my ears offended with ſo coarſe, ſo vulgar an expreſſion; but, Sir, contempt you deſerve, and the moſt perfect contempt you have, from the noble blood of the Pedigrees.---Doctor, I am your very devoted, very humble ſervant.

[*Exit, courteſying to the Doctor.*

Wealthy [*bawling after them.*] You are a couple of the greateſt fools I ever---

Goodall [*riſing.*] Mr. Wealthy, as the enemy has left you maſter of the field of battle, let me adviſe you to withdraw.

Wealthy. That I will, Doctor; and, if I ever ſet my foot again in this crazy manſion (though not half ſo crazy as its ſtupid owners)

may I be ſtuck up in a frame againſt theſe decayed walls, to look grim, in company with theſe ladies in ruffs and gentlemen in periwigs. [*Exit.*

Goodall [*to Charles.*] My good friend, follow your father: I will remain here. I ſuſpect foul play from a certain quarter.

Charles. Doctor, you are my only friend; all my hopes centre in you.---At all events, Lord Delvil ſhall account to me, for having blaſted at once the future happineſs of my life. [*Aſide, going out.*

Goodall [*ſolus.*] And ſo this match I was at ſo great pains to make, is broken off through the oppoſite political opinions of the two elders---opinions, as tenaciouſly and angrily maintained, as they were fooliſhly adopted.---Whatever benefits may accrue to France from its revolution, I ſhudder at the dreadful conſequences which may take place in my own country, from the illiberal warmth with which people take up the oppoſite ſides of the queſtion. Methinks I ſee the bands of affinity broken aſunder; neighbourly hatred, inſtead of brotherly love; political aſſociations, inſtead of friendly intercourſe; and the tyranny of the powerful ſilencing the opinions of the dependent. Oh! my countrymen! partake not of the convulſions which agitate the nations on the continent. Call to your aſſiſtance all the virtues which make religion holy, and

bind the ſocial contract; and remember that in politics, as well as in religion, intolerance can make proſelytes only to that cauſe which it perſecutes. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE---*Mr. Wealthy's Houſe.*

THOMAS, JONATHAN, RALPH, *and Butler*, BETTY, SUSAN, *Cook, and Nurſe, Servants of Mr.* WEALTHY.

Jonathan.

WHAT a dreadful hurricane! Hail, rain, wind, thunder and lightning! it ſeems as if all the devils of hell were let looſe upon the earth! and then, as dark as pitch. Juſt now, as I was coming from the ſtables, I gave myſelf ſuch a knock on the pate by falling foul of a poſt, which, I verily believe, the devil had placed there on purpoſe to do miſchief; for I thought it ſtood at leaſt a dozen yards more on the left. But, however, in ſo dark a night, it is very well I did not tumble into the horſe-pond; for I could not ſee a yard before me.

Suſan. I wiſh I had not ſeen any thing myſelf.

Thomas. Pray, Suſan, what did you ſee?

Suſan. Why, an hour ago, I took a lantern to go and fetch miſtreſs's workbaſket; ſhe had left it on the ſeat in the bower, juſt by the houſe: by ſome means or other the candle in the lantern was blown out; and, as I was haſtily coming back in the dark, I ſaw ſomething like a flaſh pop out of a buſh; and then---it popt in again; and then---it ſlirted away; and then---I ſaw---that I ſaw no more of it. I firmly believe it was a ſpirit! for, it is in ſuch a ſtormy weather as this, they ſay, witches, hobgoblins, and evil ſpirits, fly about to blow down chimnies, unroof houſes, and do all kind of miſchief!

Thomas. But, Suſan, can't the wind alone blow down chimnies, unroof houſes, without the help of witches, ſpirits, and goblins?

Suſan. Aye, aye, fine talk, Thomas---but, what is it that ſets the wind a-going?

Thomas. What ſets the wind a-going?

Suſan. Aye.

Thomas. Why, the wind is ſet a-going, you ſee---becauſe it ſo happens, you ſee, that it is boiſterous weather abroad: and, then, you ſee, the clouds driving out at a furious rate, it happens, you ſee, as the wind blows hard into ſtorms and hurricanes; and ſo it breaks trees to pieces, you ſee---plays the very devil with the ſhipping---ſcatters about hay-cocks---blows down barns, cottages, you ſee---and ſometimes the very houſes themſelves, you ſee.

Betty. Aye---but, Thomas, Suſan wants to know, what is it that ſets this wind a-going?

Thomas. Oh! that's another affair---how the devil can I tell you that?

Nurſe. Therefore, Thomas, it muſt be ſome evil ſpirit or other, which is got looſe from hell, and is playing ſome of his pranks; for, you know, they delight in miſchief.

Thomas. Well, I never will believe a word about evil ſpirits, witches, hobgoblins, and the like. I believe it is all a confounded pack of lies.

Cook. You are hard of belief. But, if Ralph here would tell the ſtory that happened to Dick Hodges, whom we all know, it would convince a Turk, much more a Chriſtian.

Omnes. Well, Ralph, let's have it---let's have it.

Cook. Well, then, let us firſt ſtir the fire, and ſit all round it; and ſo we'll have it ſnug and comfortable.

Jonathan. Stop! I vote, we ſwallow down firſt a hearty draught, to be better able to attend.

Omnes. Aye, ſo we will.

[*After having drank*---]

Betty. Now for the ſtory of the ſpirit, Mr. Ralph.

Cook. Aye, now begin.

Ralph. Why it happened as how, one very dark and windy night, as this might be---I am thinking it was a year ago, or thereabouts--

Aye, ſo it was---I recollect it now, it was in December; for you were all gone with maſter and miſtreſs up to London town.

Suſan. Well.

Ralph. Well, as Dick Hodges, as I was telling you before, was coming home from the Three Horſe-Shoes, he had juſt gone paſt the cottage of Goody Margery, which, you know, lies in his way home---

Jonathan. Aye, Aye, ſo it does.

Betty. Well, then?

Ralph. Well, then, as he turned the corner to get over the ſtile, for to go through the foot-path that runs acroſs Goody Margery's orchard---

Butler. So there is a foot-path: I have croſſed that orchard many a good time.

Cook. Well, Ralph, go on with your ſtory.

Ralph. Well, as he---as Dick---as Hodges, I mean, was about---Faith, I forgot where I left off.

Cook. You was when Dick had got into the orchard.

Ralph. Aye, ſo I was---Well, as I was ſaying, as ſoon as Dick had got over the ſtile, for to go through Goody Margery's orchard, the night being very dark and windy, he ſaw, with his own eyes, a huge quantity of white ſpirits, all in white, dancing, friſking and jigging in the air.

Suſan. Mercy upon us!

Thomas. All a pack of ſtuff.

Betty. White ſpirits dancing in the air!---only think!

Ralph. Aye, as merrily as at a country wake. They certainly were ſpirits or goblins, though Dick never could tell which---Howſomever, ſo be it. They were dancing and jigging it away at a furious rate. Some were toſſing themſelves to and fro---others would now and then ſtand ſtraight on their heads; and, then, they would whirl upon their feet back again. But the moſt wonderful of all, and Dick Hodges would ſwear to the truth of it, was, that he never ſaw them once touch Chriſtian ground; for that reaſon, he ſuppoſes they were evil ſpirits, that had come all the way over from out of the Red Sea.

Jonathan. Aye, moſt likely.

Betty. Well, Ralph, go on.

Ralph. When Dick ſaw ſuch a ſight of ſpirits---(for he ſwore, that if there was one, there was at leaſt a million)---he ſtood for ſome time to conſider, whether it was not beſt to go back; but, at laſt, he was ſo fool-hardy as to dare to go forwards.

Suſan. I ſhould be for running back to the public-houſe.

Betty. And ſo ſhould I.

Ralph. And ſo would Dick: but he confeſſed to me he had taken that night a cup or ſo too much. And that gives a man ſpirits, you know, Mr. Jonathan.

Jonathan. Aye, boy, ſo it does. [*Drinks.*]

Nurſe. Well, Ralph, how did he get home---ſafe?

Ralph. Get home ſafe! No; mercy upon us! he got ſafe ſure enough till he come to the further end of the orchard; and then, as he was haſtily getting over t'other ſtile, rap one of them goblins of hell takes him full ſmack in the face, and covers it all over wet. So Dick runs home, all in a fright, and told the ſtory, juſt ſtraight forwards, as I have told you.

Betty. Good gracious! And was it a ſpirit that gave him the ſmack on his face?

Ralph. Yes---Dick ſaid it look'd like an arm, though it did not feel on his cheek like fleſh and blood; but rather ſoft and flaggy, like a wet towel.

Thomas. And ſo, maſter Ralph, this is the whole of your ſtory of ſpirits and goblins. Well, nobody in the world will make me believe this to be true.

Ralph. And ſo Dick Hodges' friends thought. They kept laughing at him, till Dick ſwore bloodily to the truth of it, and even then they were ſlow to credit it; but the morrow, they were obliged to be convinced; for, that very night, Goody Margery miſſed all the linen and clothes ſhe had hang'd out to dry in that there ſame orchard, and has never heard of them to this very hour.

Thomas [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! you ſimpleton. Why, all that army of white ſpirits

was nothing elſe but Dame Margery's rags, which ſhe hung out that day to dry.

Ralph. A likely ſtory! as if Dick could not tell ſpirits from a parcel of rags. Beſides, if they were Dame Margery's rags, how came they all to vaniſh in the morning?

Thomas. Why, faith, 'tis very odd; but chance, you know, and may be ſome thieves---

Nurſe. I could tell you a ſtory that happened no more than a matter of fifty years ago, that would freeze your very blood.

Suſan. Oh! let's heart it. I like a dreadful ſtory of all things.

Jonathan. Not ſo faſt, good Suſan; we muſt firſt ſwallow down another draught the better to wet our attention. What do you ſay, Mr. Butler?

Butler. I was going to make the ſame obſervation. [*They drink.*]

Betty. Now, Nurſe.

Suſan. Aye, do begin.

Butler. Silence!

Nurſe. Well, then, attend.---I will relate the ſtory, juſt in the ſame manner, as it was told to me by the old grave-digger's wife, who knew it from her grandmother, who had it from the very eldeſt daughter of the woman to whom the ſtory happened. Her name was Rebecca Rueful: ſhe was a perſon of a forlorn, diſmal, melancholy turn of mind; frequenting at midnight church-yards and charnel-houſes, and delighting in picking up dead

people's bones. In other reſpects, ſhe was very clever, and could caſt ſpells, and tell the weather: and if a neighbour ſhould happen to loſe ſuch a thing as a pig, a ſheep, a cow, for a matter of ſixpence or ſo, ſhe would tell where it had ſtrayed, or the name of the perſon who ſtole it; for ſhe was look'd upon in the village as a kind of witch, and every body was careful not to give her offence.

Cook. Well.

Nurſe. Well, to go on with my ſtory---the very night her grandmother died, ſhe lay awake in her bed, at the ſame time the dead body of her grandmother was ſtretched in its coffin, in the very next room but two to her bedchamber, and upon the ſame floor.---Well, as ſhe was laying awake, juſt as the clock had ſtruck one, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw her own door move; nor was ſhe miſtaken, for it began to open of itſelf ſlowly---ſlowly---till it ſtood wide, broad open.

Suſan. Good God!

Betty. A door opening of itſelf! how horrid!

Cook. Lord have mercy on us!

Thomas. Surely ſome wag muſt have been behind the door, on purpoſe to frighten the old woman.

Nurſe. You ſhall hear---[*the ſervants contract their circle round the fire*]---you ſhall hear. You may eaſily conceive in what a fright the poor woman was; ſhe could ſcarce breathe for fear. When, upon looking at the door of the

other room, that door too began to move and open itſelf in the ſame wide, horrid, ſilent manner, as the firſt had done before; ſo there was but one door ſhut between her and the dead body of her grandmother. [*Here the ſervants draw their chairs ſtill cloſer.*]

Jonathan. Tremendous!

Cook. How dreadfully horrid!

Suſan. I am all in a horror. Well, dear Nurſe, do you go on.

Butler. Silence!

Nurſe. There the poor woman laid in the greateſt fright and terror imaginable, trembling and quaking, ſo as to make the bed ſhake and crack under her.

Betty. Well, I am ſo frightened, I dare not look round me. Now, dear Nurſe, let's know the whole of the ſtory.

Nurſe. But, how horribly were her terrors increaſed, when the very laſt door, the door of the chamber in which lay the dead body of her grandmother, was opened---ſlowly---awfully---and dreadfully, as the other two had done before. [*The terror of the girls increaſe, and the men move themſelves in their ſeats.*] There the door ſtood wide, gaping, broad open, and the poor wretched woman beheld---with the greateſt horror---the black coffin, in which lay the dead body of her grandmother. Now, as her eyes were fixed upon the coffin, ſhe ſaw---horrible to relate---the lid begin to

heave---heave up! [*A loud knock at the door; the girls ſhriek out, and the men exhibit ſymptoms of fear.*]

Butler. Lord! who can this be? Jonathan, go and ſee.

Jonathan. Not I, faith.

Butler. Then, go, you, Thomas.

Thomas. Why, Jonathan can go as well as I.

Nurſe. But, Thomas, you know, you are never afraid. [*Here a louder knock.*]

Thomas. No more be I; but, ſince Jonathan was aſked firſt---

Butler. A mere excuſe! I ſee, Thomas, with all your vaunting, you are as great a coward as any. Well, Nurſe, end your ſtory, and then we'll go altogether to the door.

Thomas [*ariſing.*] Since it is come to this, I'll ſhew you I am not afraid of your bloody ghoſts.

Nurſe. At that time, ſhe ſaw the lid heave---heave up,---and now, out came the dead body of---[*As Thomas was on the point of opening the door, ſeveral loud knocks ſucceſſively repeated ſtartle him back, and all the ſervants riſe.*]

Butler. We muſt know who and what it is; let us all march in a body to the door.---Halloo! Who's there?

Voice without. We are the crew of the good ſhip Rover, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, juſt ſtranded on the coaſt, hard by. We come to

aſk ſhelter; for it is ſo dark we can't find our way; nor do we know whereabouts we are. And if you refuſe us a cover for the night, what with the wind, rain, and cold, we ſhall certainly all periſh.

Butler. Hark ye! ſtay a moment---I'll run to maſter; you are ſo many, I dare not looſe you in without leave.

Sailor. Do, Sir, God bleſs you.

Suſan. So, Mr. Thomas, with all your courage, you was afraid to open the door.

Thomas. I afraid! I was no more afraid than I am now, to ſwallow down this.---[*Drinks.*] Stand out of the way, I'll open the door, before you all.

Jonathan. Not ſo faſt, Thomas, we muſt have maſter's orders; beſides, there is no more danger, the bloody ghoſt is gone, you know.

Enter Mr. WEALTHY *and Son, Dr.* GOODALL *and Butler.*

Wealthy. You are the crew of a ſhip, you ſay?

Sailor. Yes, Sir.

Wealthy. Whence came you?

Sailor. From Calais, your Worſhip.

Wealthy. And whither bound?

Sailor. To Dover, Sir.

Wealthy. Are you all ſailors?

Sailor. No, Sir; there are ſome paſſengers with us.

Wealthy. But what kind of paſſengers?

Sailor. Why, moſtly Frenchmen, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Wealthy. Aye, but, what ſort of Frenchmen? Are there any Ariſtocrats among them?

Sailor. I do not rightly comprehend your meaning, Sir.

Goodall. For God's ſake, Mr. Wealthy, let theſe poor fellows in: is this the time to mention party diſtinctions? As men, they are your fellow-creatures, and, of courſe, entitled to your hoſpitality.

Wealthy. Doctor, you mould me as you chuſe; but is it ſafe and prudent to receive in my houſe, at this time of night, ſuch a number of unknown perſons? They may, perhaps, be a gang of robbers.

Charles. There can hardly be the leaſt danger, Sir; for were they thieves, they would not thus mention their numbers, but rather conceal them. Beſides, in this dreadful weather---

Wealthy. Son, you are not cautious enough for this world; I told you ſo a thouſand times. You ought to be thankful I have amaſſed a fortune for you; you never could have got one for yourſelf---you have not cunning enough about you, man. However, Thomas, Jonathan, let theſe people in, let 'em in. [*The ſtage is filled with ſailors and paſſengers.*]

Charles. My good friends, come in, and

enjoy yourſelves after your fatigues. John, ſpare nothing to make their ſtay here as comfortable as poſſible. [*To the Butler.*]

Butler. I'll certainly do my beſt, Sir.

Goodall. Have you left any of your party behind?

A Sailor. Yes, an't pleaſe your Reverence, there are three ladies with their ſervants, who could'nt keep ſail with us.

Charles. As ſoon as the ladies are arrived, do not fail to introduce them in the parlour. Do you hear, Suſan?

Suſan. Yes, Sir.

Wealthy. Come, Doctor, with your leave, we'll return to Mrs. Wealthy, and have t'other bottle. [*Exit.*

Charles. Cook, let the paſſengers and ſailors have a good ſupper and a warm night's lodging---and, John, ſee they are ſupplied with whatever can recruit their ſpirits.---Poor fellows! after ſuch dreadful fatigues, they ſtand in need of every comfort.

Goodall. Well ſpoken, my young friend; fulfil thus the duties of humanity, and your wealth will afford you an ample mine of delightful enjoyment. [*Exeunt* Charles *and the Doctor.*]

Butler [*to a ſailor.*] Friend, you ſeafaring men lead a very hard ſort of a life.

Sailor. Why, aye, maſter; but there is ſunſhine on the main as well as on land.

Jonathan. In ſuch a dreadful ſtorm as this, when your veſſel was toſs'd about, was not you afraid of going to the bottom?

Second Sailor. Afraid! of what, man? To be ſure, now and then ſomething odd comes athwart one; but, then, one bears a heart, you know---and ſo Old England for ever!--- [*Drinks.*]

Cook [*to another ſailor.*] Pray, Sir, are theſe three gentlemen yonder with queues, ruffles, and cock'd hats, Frenchmen?

Sailor. Why, yes, damn 'em, they are ſome ſort of Mountſeers or other.

Jonathan. I thought French people were never fat; yet theſe look as jolly and as luſty as we Engliſh folks.

Thomas. I ſuppoſe they have been in England ſome time, and have fed plentifully on our roaſt beef and plumb pudding.

Firſt Sailor. No, damn it, 'tis all French palaver.

Second Sailor. Why, man, ſtout and luſty as they ſeem to be, ſplit my timbers, but I'll fight them three French lubbers, one after the other, for one guinea a ſide, only for the glory of Old England.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to follow me into the great parlour, there is a large fire; and we'll make all poſſible haſte to get you your ſupper.

Firſt Sailor. Aye, ſo we will, my dear.---Jack, a kind ſmart wench this.

Jack. So ſhe is, Tom, as trim and as neat as heart could wiſh.

Third Sailor [*to the paſſengers.*] Come on, Mountſeers. Now for the uſe of your grinders; damn my limbs, but you'll manage them better than you did the pumps in that plaguy gale.

Frenchmen. Allons, allons, ve be coming, ve be coming.

SCENE---*The Parlour.*

Mr. and Mrs. WEALTHY, CHARLES, *and Dr.* GOODALL.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, ſince you aſk my advice, I would recommend to you to wait to-morrow on Sir Adam Pedigree; or to commiſſion ſome one to do ſo in your name. I, for one, would gladly undertake the office. There I would expoſtulate amicably with him on the cruelty of preventing the happineſs of the young couple, by giving way to frivolous animoſities.

Mrs. Wealthy. Indeed, my dear, I would do as the Doctor recommends.

Wealthy. And ſo I would with any other perſon; for, I am ſure, I am not ſpiteful, nor do I bear malice to any one. But, for this proud, beggarly Baronet, and that old ſtick, his ſiſter, I hate and deſpiſe them moſt cor-

dially, nor will I have any further concern with them.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, you are not ſpiteful ---you bear no malice---you ſay; yet, in the ſame breath, you profeſs a moſt cordial hatred to a gentleman and his ſiſter, becauſe their ſentiments are diſſimilar to your own.--- You ſpeak loud in the praiſe of liberty---you have eſpouſed the popular ſide in the French cauſe---you are for the rights of man!---yet, you are tyrannical enough to hate and deſpiſe another for preſuming to hold an opinion of his own; and, becauſe you have not the power to baſtile the daring offender, you are ſo unjuſt as to puniſh, in the moſt cruel manner, an innocent couple, for, what you are pleaſed to call, the obduracy of the young lady's friends. Either act up to your profeſſed principles, Sir, or give the world leave to queſtion the ſincerity of them.

Wealthy. Doctor, I have not the abilities to argue with you; therefore, I will not attempt to reply: but I muſt think it very hard, that you always take Sir Adam's part againſt us; yet, we are as much your friends, and entertain the higheſt regard for you.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, I think you wrong me. I am liable to be miſtaken; but I endeavour to be equitable. However, in this affair, Sir Adam is at leaſt as much to blame as you; and were I in his houſe, I would recommend to him again (for I have done ſo

already) to take for a reconciliation the ſame ſtep as I have adviſed you. All I have further to add, is this---whichever makes the advances for a reconciliation, certainly poſſeſſes a virtue the other is a ſtranger to.

Wealthy. Come, my good friend, ſince you have evinced your impartiality, I will, my forbearance; and, by paying him the firſt viſit, ſhew to you and him I am the beſt man.--- But, yet, all this won't do---he is ſo ſtupid and ſo conceited a fool, as to miſtake for an acknowledgment of inferiority, what I mean to do, for the purpoſe of proving myſelf his ſuperior in every reſpect.

Goodall. Are you, Sir, to regulate your actions by the notions of others, and more eſpecially, by the ideas of a perſon, whom you have juſt called a conceited fool? Mr. Wealthy, do the thing that is right, and our applauſe will be in uniſon with that of your conſcience.

Enter SUSAN.

Suſan. The three ladies are arrived, Sir--- Shall I ſhew them in?

Charles. Oh, yes, by all means. [*They all riſe.*]

Whilſt Mrs. WEALTHY *leads Lady* PEDIGREE *to a ſeat, and* CHARLES, FANNY PEDIGREE *to another,* CAROLINE *ſtops at the entrance and ſays to* SUSAN---

Caroline. Good woman, ſince you are ſo kind as to offer to take care of my child, here

it is---and, oh! may it enjoy that repoſe ſo long denied its wretched mother! [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. Wealthy. Be pleaſed, Madam, to accept this ſeat---and, believe me, whatever this houſe affords, you and your friends may command.

Charles [*after having placed* Fanny *in her ſeat, exclaims.*] Kind heavens! it is Fanny!

Mrs. Wealthy [*at the ſame time.*] What! Lady Pedigree!

Fanny [*riſing.*] Charles! is it you?

Charles. Yes, it is Charles, that preſſes thee to his boſom.

Lady Pedigree. Mrs. Wealthy, am I in your houſe? how ſurpriſingly fortunate!

Charles. Fortunate! it is rapturous.

Lady Pedigree. Mr. Wealthy---Doctor---Is not this a dream?

Charles. If it be a dream, may I never awake---but no, 'tis bliſsful reality. [*Embraces her again.*]

Fanny. Oh! Charles, ſupport me---this ſudden tranſition to joy is too powerful for my weak frame---my ſpirits withſtood better the ſtormy elements.

Goodall. How I enjoy this ſcene! happy children!---Mr. Wealthy, could you be ſo cruel as to part this young couple?

Wealthy. Doctor, I have no deſire to part them; but the Baronet, you know---

Mrs. Wealthy. Ah! Lady Pedigree, how

ſoon muſt I damp the joy our children feel at this moment!

Lady Pedigree. How, Madam?

Mrs. Wealthy. There has been ſad work. Sir Adam has broken his word with us; a quarrel with my huſband enſued;---and could you bear to ſee your Fanny torn from my ſon?

Fanny. Torn from Charles! Bleſs me, Madam, are you in earneſt?---and, Charles, would you let them part me from you?

Charles. I would ſooner part with my life. Deareſt girl! I now claſp thee in my arms---and thou ſhalt ever be my inſeparable boſom friend!

Goodall. My young friends, all theſe rapturous expreſſions become the lover mighty well; but, how to avoid the ſeparation you dread, it is now time to conſider.

Lady Pedigree. What then is to be done?

Goodall. Sir Adam is now ſo dazzled with the offer of an alliance ſo very ſplendid, both in title and fortune, that I fear no reaſoning could convince him, that, in cloſing with it, he ſigns his own diſhonour, and the ruin of his child.

Lady Pedigree. My good Sir, pray, explain yourſelf.

Goodall. I have every reaſon to believe, from what I have obſerved, and from the known intriguing character of the noble lover, that his views are far from being honourable.

Mrs. Wealthy. Is it poſſible, Doctor!

Wealthy. Aye, aye, moſt likely; theſe Lords are guilty of every thing that's bad.

Mrs. Wealthy. Surely, nobody could be ſo wicked---

Wealthy. I tell you, woman---I believe in the wickedneſs of a Lord, as I do in that of the devil.

Charles. I am glad I ſent the villain a challenge. [*Aſide.*]

Lady Pedigree. But, Doctor, what is now to be done?

Goodall. I think, Mr. Wealthy, you ſhould give ſtrict orders to your ſervants not to let the arrival of her Ladyſhip tranſpire: for were Miſs Fanny under her father's roof, at the ſame time he has ſo powerful and daring a viſitor, I ſhould tremble for the conſequences. And in a few days we ſhall perhaps be able to undeceive Sir Adam, with reſpect to the real intentions of his noble gueſt.

Fanny. But, pray, Doctor, who is this formidable lover of mine?---and a nobleman too! I never heard of the circumſtance before.

Lady Pedigree. Aye, Doctor, you have not yet told us the nobleman's name.

Goodall. His name is Delvil---Lord Delvil.

Caroline [*ſtarting and riſing.*] Delvil!---Ah! Sir, what name have you mentioned?---What is Lord Delvil in this neighbourhood?---Then I am undone indeed!---Ah! Madam! when you ſo kindly induced me to return to my

native country, was it to bring me to deſtruction?---to Lord Delvil?---Ah! where do I wander?---Pardon, Madam---but wretched, indeed, is the lot of poor hapleſs Caroline.---[*Falls in her chair in tears.*]

Mrs. Wealthy. My ſweet young Lady, be comforted---we ſympathiſe in your ſorrow, without knowing the cauſe---You are here among friends.

Caroline. Ah! Madam! I can't think of ſtaying longer in your houſe. Perhaps Lord Delvil is now knocking at your door for entrance! ---Oh! let me begone---let me haſten away with my infant. Should he come---ſhould I behold the vile ſeducer---oh! my child, what would become of thee?---Thy poor mother would die at the horrid ſight, and leave thee helpleſs and unpitied in this unfeeling world.

Fanny. My dear Caroline, whither could you wander in this dark, tempeſtuous night?

Caroline. Alas! I know not.---Sure it is, wherever I go, the ſame wretchedneſs awaits me.

Goodall. Young Lady, compoſe yourſelf. Yet, in this houſe you could not find that quiet neceſſary to heal the deep wound your heart has received, but refuſe not, I conjure you, the requeſt of an old man. I am the Clergyman of this pariſh; the parſonage houſe is in a retired, rural ſituation---honour me ſo far as to accept an apartment in it, and you will meet with all the reſpectful attention due to your ſex and to your ſorrows.

Caroline. Ah! Sir, you have my warmeſt thanks for your charitable, your benevolent offer.---But, if you knew the wretch to whom you are thus kind, your very calling, Sir, would forbid you to renew it.

Goodall. Whoever you are, Madam, my calling commands me to comfort thoſe that mourn; and, in doing my duty, I fear not the unjuſt prejudices of the world.

Caroline. Ah! Sir, as a Clergyman, tender of your reputation, would you thus countenance vice, by receiving under your roof a wretched, ſeduced victim, who brings in her arms the offspring of her illicit love?

Goodall. Come, young Lady, be not thus dejected; I reſpect the ſorrow that ariſes from repentance, but let it not ſink into deſpair.---Mr. Wealthy, I muſt beg the uſe of your carriage for this young Lady---and, Lady Pedigree, let me adviſe you to take up your abode in Mr. Wealthy's houſe, as long as your arrival can be concealed from Sir Adam; ſince the daring ſpirit of the Nobleman, now at Pedigree Hall, leaves us no alternative.---Come, young Lady, truſt yourſelf with a man who knows what it is to be frail; and who is cheered but with the hopes of merciful forgiveneſs.

As the company withdraw, enter JONATHAN, *making ſigns to the Doctor.*

Jonathan. Doctor! Doctor!

Goodall. Well, Jonathan, what is it you want?

Jonathan. I have a letter from young maſter to Lord Delvil.

Goodall. A letter from Charles to Lord Delvil!

Jonathan. Yes, Sir; and it runs in my head it is ſomething about a challenge---ſo, leſt any harm ſhould happen to young maſter, I make bold to deliver it to your reverence, inſtead of carrying it where I was ordered.

Goodall. It can be nothing but a challenge. ---Give me the letter---[*Opens and reads it.*]--- I was not miſtaken; it is a challenge.---Raſh young man!---[*Muſes.*]---Hark'e, Jonathan, carry the letter to his Lordſhip, to-morrow as ſoon as it is light, but not before; and fail not to be within hearing, in caſe I ſhould want your aſſiſtance. The field of battle is to be in Sir Adam's Park, behind the Gamekeeper's Lodge.

Jonathan. You may rely upon me, Sir.

ACT III.

SCENE---*Pedigree Hall.*

Lord Delvil's Apartment.

Delvil.

IT is in vain to try---I cannot ſleep! Even now that frightful dream haunts my imagi-

nation.---Oh! Caroline! for the injuries done to thee, how fully art thou avenged!---Holla! Ferret! awake!---'tis broad day. The fellow intends ſleeping for ever.---Ferret! Ferret! I ſay.

Ferret [*without.*] Coming, my Lord.

Delvil. How can that man doſe ſo ſoundly, when my guilty conſcience allows me no reſt? There muſt be ſome unwarrantable partiality in this; for, ſurely, of the two, Ferret is the more wicked. [*Enter* Ferret.]

Ferret. My Lord, you are truly a great man. The univerſe and its contents muſt either be at reſt or in motion, as your Lordſhip is diſpoſed.

Delvil. Why, man, it is almoſt ſeven.

Ferret. And ſeven at this ſeaſon is tantamount to five in ſummer, and ſo would your Lordſhip think, were you inclined to ſleep.

Delvil. Inclined! I tell you I cannot ſleep; for the ſoul of me, I cannot; and how thou canſt is unaccountable! So iniquitous a fellows to ſleep?---thy conſcience muſt be as hard as flint, or elſe thou haſt none.

Ferret. Conſcience! Fudge! mere prejudice, my Lord.

Delvil. What? didſt thou never feel its troubleſome pangs?

Ferret. Yes, when a raw ſtripling, having the fear of the pedant's rod before my eyes: but, now, I am too much a man to heed ſuch ſuperſtitious notions.---Why, if there were

ſuch a tormentor in nature as conſcience, who would be a conqueror? for, according to your idea, the moſt glorious gainer of battles muſt be the moſt wretched of beings; and will your Lordſhip tell me, this is the caſe?

Delvil. Then, I ſuppoſe, I am not old enough in iniquity to arrive at your happy inſenſibility. Well, Ferret, under your auſpices I ſhall attain it in the courſe of time.---But, a-propos, of Sir Adam and his immaculate ſiſter; what ſimpletons they muſt be, to give ſo eaſily into all our ſnares! At this rate, there will be no merit due to us for our ſucceſs.---I wiſh the ſweet girl was arrived.

Ferret. She is expected daily, your Lordſhip knows.

Delvil. Then ſhe muſt make haſte. For, ſhould ſhe tarry, I am ſo tired with this antiquated manſion, that, I believe, my love cannot withſtand much longer the heavineſs and depreſſion this gothic ſight inſpires.

Ferret. In that caſe, I ſhall beg your Lordſhip's leave to ſtay behind.

Delvil. What? have the love-inſpiring eyes of ſome rural nymph melted the obduracy of thy ſtony heart?

Ferret. No, my Lord. I leave love to thoſe who have a full purſe and empty ſcull---but there is a ſnug living in the gift of the family, intended for that arch hypocrite, Dr. Goodall; and I muſt endeavour to coax it out of the Baronet from his reverence to myſelf.

Delvil. Thy damned love of money and preferment is the only thing thou feeleſt for.

Ferret. And you, my Lord, being glutted with theſe good things, your only delight is in ſquandering them away. Now, for a wager---which of the two will be the ſooner tired, your Lordſhip in pulling down your golden pile, or I in erecting one for myſelf.

Enter JONATHAN.

Jonathan. My Lord, I hope your Lordſhip will forgive me, if I make ſo bold as to deliver this letter to your Lordſhip.

Delvil. Whoſe fellow are you?

Jonathan. I am ſervant to Mr. Wealthy, the great merchant, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Delvil. Wealthy!---What have I to do with the Wealthy's?---[*Reads, aſide to* Ferret.]---Ferret! by Jupiter, 'tis a challenge!---The young booby wants to cut my throat, becauſe, he ſays, I have robbed him of his ſweetheart.---Well, Sir, tell your employer, I'll be with him in a few minutes.---I wanted ſome ſport to keep up my ſpirits; and this is the very thing.

Jonathan [*returning.*] My Lord!

Delvil. Well.

Jonathan. Surely your Lordſhip does not intend to kill young maſter.

Delvil. You blockhead, it is young maſter who intends to kill me.---So, Ferret, the fellow has been bluſtering to his ſervants, I find.

---A true ſpecimen of the courage of our modern bucks.

Jonathan. An't pleaſe your reverence, is his Lordſhip going to fight young maſter with a ſharp ſword or a leaden bullet?

Ferret. You fool! do you think they can kill each other with a hazel twig, or a cotton ball?

Jonathan. Kill each other! Lord have mercy on us! I wonder how people can be tired of life!

Delvil. Away with your meſſage, Sir.

Jonathan. My Lord, I am going. Well, the moſt friendly way of fighting after all, is the good old Engliſh faſhion of knock-down blows, let people ſay what they will. [*Exit.*

Delvil. Come along, Reverend Mr. Ferret; you muſt accompany me in your official capacity, either to ſing a *Requiem* for my departed ſoul, or a *Te Deum* for my happy deliverance from ſo deadly a foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE---*The Park.*

Enter CHARLES.

Charles [*ſolus.*] Here is the ſpot where one of us will moſt likely meet his final doom. Melancholy alternative! either to die vanquiſhed by the hands of a villain, or, victorious, to fly my native country, leaving far behind the deareſt treaſure of my heart. But, could I

tamely ſubmit to ſee her in the arms of that intriguing Lord!---May the bolt of heaven ſtrike me, if he poſſeſſes her, while I have a ſpark of life in me!---Yet, the caſe was not ſo deſperate. I have many hopes left. I fear I have been too haſty. This ſhould have been my laſt reſource. I begin to wiſh I had not ſent him the callenge. But, hark! he is coming---ſo away with reflection. Now the ſword muſt decide the conteſt.---Heavens! 'tis the Doctor.

Enter GOODALL.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, why ſo early?

Charles. Doctor, I was---

Goodall. Come, my friend---I'll ſave you the confuſion of a falſehood, by informing you, that I am acquainted with the reaſon of your coming hither.

Charles. Sir, what do you mean?

Goodall. On this ſpot you are going to fight a duel.

Charles. Fight a duel!

Goodall. Yes, Sir, and Lord Delvil is your antagoniſt.

Charles. How came you to be informed---

Goodall. Ah! Charles; let me firſt aſk, how you came to take ſo raſh and ſo criminal a reſolution?

Charles. Well, Doctor, to tell you the truth, I wiſh I had not been ſo haſty; but now it is too late to retract.

Goodall. And, why too late?

Charles. The callenge is ſent, and I expect his Lordſhip here every moment to anſwer it.

Goodall. And ſo, becauſe the crime is not perpetrated, it is too late to prevent its being committed.---Excellent reaſoning this!

Charles. What's to be done, if my honour forbids me to follow the path reaſon points out?

Goodall. There is no honour in committing a crime.

Charles. The fighting a duel may appear a crime in the eyes of cold and diſpaſſionate reaſon: and, were the notions of mankind to be regulated by the dictates of that monitor, by them I would cheerfully abide. But it is the prejudices of the world which have erected the tribunal of honour, and from that tribunal no gentleman can appeal.

Goodall. And ſhould you ſlay your adverſary, do you think your *conſcience* would acquit you of the guilt?

Charles. I fear not?

Goodall. What then! With reaſon, conſcience, and religion, pleading their own cauſe, you would give your verdict in favour of duelling, becauſe vindictive and bloody-minded men have choſen to call it an honourable practice? ---Miſtaken man!

Charles. Well, Doctor, ſay what you will, your reaſons are moſt excellent; but, never will I deſerve or ſuffer myſelf to be branded with the infamous appellation of coward.

Goodall. Then go, Sir, and fight the duel---Lead afterwards your Fanny to the altar, with hands imbrued in the blood of a fellow-creature---and bear, how you can, the idea, that this ſweet, innocent, harmleſs girl, is become the wife of a murderer!

Charles. A murderer! Sir.

Goodall. Yes, a murderer---Not hurried away by the momentary impulſe of paſſion, but one, who has premeditated the crime, and perpetrates it in cold blood.

Charles. Ah! Doctor, what a picture you have drawn!---I ſhudder at the thought.

Goodall. Yet, Sir, there is another method of ſacrificing to your idol---honour.

Charles. For God's ſake, name it---nothing can be ſo horrible as what you have mentioned.

Goodall. It is to receive yourſelf the mortal ſtab---to be carried home in excruciating pain ---to behold around your bleeding body your aged parent, in deep and ſullen deſpair, and your diſconſolate mother---

Charles. Ah!

Goodall. Whoſe tears, cries, and lamentations, will wring your heart. Both of whom, by your death, will be deprived of the only comfort left to their old age---Then will be brought (too deeply afflicted to weep) your tender, loving Fanny---

Charles. Oh! ſpare me, Doctor, it is too much.

Goodall. Pale, almoſt lifeleſs, to take a

laſt kiſs on your cold hand, and to hear your laſt farewell.---And you will depart this life with the horrid certainty, that ſhe will ſoon follow to the grave your wretched parents, leaving behind your old friend to mourn his loſſes, and to lament that the care he took of your education was not beſtowed on a worthier object.

Charles. Doctor, you have appalled my ſtrongeſt reſolution.---Wretch that I am! to eſcape ſo many complicated horrors, but by the ſacrifice of my honour.

Goodall. There is no diſhonour in doing the thing that is right.---O! Charles! the greateſt of all heroiſm is to perſevere in the path of conſcious rectitude, unſhaken by the ſcoffs and prejudices of this misjudging world.

Charles. But, Sir, am I tamely to apologize to Lord Delvil, whom I know to be a villain. How I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf for ſuch meanneſs!

Goodall. My young friend, you are the agreſſor, and it is reaſonable the apology ſhould come from you.---He is coming.---Allow me to deliver it in your name, and, I promiſe you, that not a mean or unbecoming expreſſion ſhall eſcape my lips. Here he is.---Charles, in the name of our friendſhip, I entreat you to be calm.

Enter Lord DELVIL, FERRET *at a diſtance.*

Delvil. By Jove! the grave Doctor in perſon!---This duel will be worth recording: two

reverend Sirs for ſeconds.---Holla! Ferret! come on. [*They meet.*]---Reverend Gentlemen, as Mr. Wealthy and myſelf are going to have ſome private buſineſs, and as you may catch cold, by being mere ſpectators of our ſport, ſuppoſe you were to warm yourſelves by popping at each other with theſe piſtols, whilſt we are at tierce and quart.

Ferret. My Lord, I muſt beg leave to decline your civil propoſal. All I can do for your Lordſhip is to pray. As to fighting in your cauſe, that would be unreaſonable to expect: very cogent reaſons, indeed, there muſt be, to compel me to fight in my own.

Goodall. Come, my Lord, from this jocularity, I hope this diſagreeable buſineſs will be ſettled without bloodſhed.

Delvil. How do you mean, Sir? I came here---

Goodall. To receive an apology, my Lord.

Delvil. An apology, Sir!

Goodall. Yes, my Lord, from a gentleman, who, finding himſelf in the wrong by giving your Lordſhip the provocation, has the courage and manlineſs to declare, and openly to confeſs, his fault.

Delvil. And ſo, Sir, this friend of yours has the courage to ſend me a challenge---has the courage to acquaint your Reverence with the daring deed---and, laſtly, when I appear at his ſummons, has the courage---to make an apology!

[Charles *attempting to ſpeak, the Doctor puts his hand over his mouth.*]

Goodall. My Lord, you miſtake entirely the caſe. Mr. Wealthy's ſervant brought me the letter directed to your Lordſhip: ſuſpecting its import, I opened it, and peruſed the contents.

Delvil. How came you, Sir, to break open a letter directed to me? For a perſon of your years, you give but a ſmall proof of your diſcretion.

Goodall. My Lord, I acknowledge myſelf guilty of a breach of diſcretion; but to prevent the perpetration of a crime, nothing but the fear of committing one myſelf can deter me from uſing every means in my power.

Delvil. Well, Sir, after having apologized for your friend's conduct, I ſuppoſe this is offered, as an apology for your own.

Goodall. I beſeech your Lordſhip to view it in that light.

Delvil. Well, Sir, I do.---As for this young man, I am willing to check the further effects of my reſentment. But, before I withdraw, I will give him this wholeſome advice---whenever he ſhould again be diſpoſed to bluſter, let him fix upon a fit object, and not miſtake his man.

Charles. Stop, my Lord. Since you chuſe to miſconſtrue my motive for apologizing, I will convince you that *you* have miſtaken *your* man. [*Draws.*]

Delvil. Well, Sir, now for it. [*Draws.*]

Goodall [*ruſhing between them.*] I call upon you both to deſiſt, and if no conſideration can appeaſe your thirſt for human blood, to arrive at each other's heart, you muſt pierce mine.---Charles Wealthy, I inſiſt on your putting up your ſword.

Charles. What, Doctor! ſhall I ſuffer myſelf to be trampled upon by that Lord?---Curſe me, if I do!

Goodall. I inſiſt on your putting up your ſword.

Delvil. Young man, you begin to evince ſome ſpirit. I ſhould like to witneſs further ſpecimens.

Charles. And ſo you ſhall---

Goodall. Stop, raſh, headſtrong youth---Stop, I ſay!--By the eternal God!* you ſhall ſtop---[*Seizes* Charles's *ſword by the middle, and turning to* Delvil]---My Lord, forbear. You have already crimes enough to anſwer for, without adding to the catalogue the horrid one of murder.

Delvil. Crimes!---What does the fellow mean?

Goodall. Do you dare to think of launching into eternity, without having firſt atoned for the many injuries done to poor hapleſs Caroline Sidney?

Delvil [*dropping the point of his ſword.*] Caroline!---What name haſt thou mentioned?

* Now for "the recording angel, to drop a tear upon "the words, and blot them out for ever."

Goodall. My Lord, we will withdraw; and leave you to make on that name all the comments and reflections your conſcience will doubtleſs ſuggeſt.---Mr. Wealthy, I inſiſt upon your accompanying me, or I muſt decline any further interference in your concerns.

[*Exeunt the* Doctor *and* Charles.

Delvil. Ah! thou haſt diſarmed me indeed! ---But how came he to be acquainted with--- Ferret, haſt thou betrayed me?

Ferret. Betray you, my Lord! and to ſuch a fellow!---By all that's ſacred---

Delvil. Nay, ſwear not, man---thy oaths can have no effect on me. I have a much better reaſon to acquit thee of the charge. Thy intereſt binds thee to be ſilent---I wiſh the voice within was as ſtill.

Ferret. Now, my Lord, why is all your regret beſtowed on this ſingle object, when the many others who have paſſed through your Lordſhip's hands, are not even complimented with a ſigh?

Delvil. How canſt thou aſk ſuch a queſtion? ---Either weakneſs, vanity, or avarice, cauſed the fall of theſe; and I was perhaps as much their dupe, as I thought they were mine---But Caroline!---ſhe loved me for myſelf. She preferred me to all others, not becauſe I was an opulent Lord, but becauſe ſhe thought my heart congenial to her own. To my honour ſhe truſted the honour of her parents; her reputation, her peace, her happineſs, ſhe confided

to my boſom, and the wretch baſely deceived her, and robbed her of all!---And when the ſweet angel found herſelf thus betrayed, ſhe ſilently withdrew, to hide in ſome unknown ſpot her repentance and my ingratitude!---Where is ſhe now?---Perhaps, in this inclement ſeaſon, wandering from door to door!---I cannot bear the thought---[*Seizes* Ferret *by the collar.*]---Villain! had it not been for thy raſcally arts and helliſh inſinuations, I never could have injured ſuch innocence.---Curſed be the hour in which I took ſuch a viper to my boſom!

Ferret. My Lord, in a calmer moment you will repent thus rewarding my attachment to your ſervice.------That I did all in my power to defeat her influence, is true. I thought the connection beneath your Lordſhip; and I had the ſatisfaction of meeting with the approbation of your noble friends.---But, ſince my friendſhip is become a burden to your Lordſhip, I will withdraw; and I ſhould conſole myſelf for the loſs of yours, my Lord, if, by my abſence, I could remove an obſtacle to your felicity. [*Going.*]

Delvil. Come back, Ferret, and don't play the fool. I am not the dupe however of thy well-drawn whining ſpeeches. I know thou didſt receive from a certain quarter a bountiful compenſation for thy trouble in making me ſo much like thyſelf.---The fact is, I am uſed to all thy ways, and I can't well

do without thee; ſo come along, and try to ſtart me ſome freſh game. [*Exit.*

Ferret [*ſolus.*] I believe I muſt ſeek a dupe in ſome other patron: the preſent noble friend of mine I have made too knowing even for myſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE---*The Front of Pedigree Hall.*

Enter Mr. and Mrs. WEALTHY, CHARLES *and Dr.* GOODALL.

Goodall. Mr. Wealthy, I am happy to find you ſo amicably diſpoſed. However, give me leave to repeat the caution which --

Wealthy. Say no more, Doctor, ſay no more---a word to the wife, you know---

Goodall. I am only afraid of your temper; it is of ſo inflammable a nature.

Wealthy. Doctor, I'll be as meek and as tame as a lamb.

Goodall. Well, Sir, with this promiſe I'll leave you.

Wealthy. I ſhould be glad to have you with me, merely to ſhew you I can command my temper.

Goodall. I muſt return to my fair gueſt; and by ſo doing I am ſerving my friend here more than he is aware of: ſo, Mr. Wealthy, fare-well, for the preſent, and may a perfect reconciliation with Sir Adam crown your laudable endeavours.

Wealthy. But, Doctor, do I not act in a

manner derogatory to my dignity as an Engliſh merchant, by being the firſt to ſue for a reconciliation?

Goodall. On the contrary, Sir. Such a conduct muſt convince the world, how ſuperior you are to filly piques, and that you are above pouting over petty quarrels.

Wealthy. Well, Doctor, I ſee you are right: and in a few minutes I will evince my ſuperiority in the moſt unqueſtionable manner.

Goodall [*aſide.*] Strange! that with ſome men, for want of virtues, the miſchievous tendency of one vice muſt be counteracted by the timely oppoſition of another. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Wealthy. My dear, Sir Adam will ſave you the trouble of going to his houſe, for I ſee him coming this way.

Wealthy. Faith! ſo he is.

Charles. Now, Sir!

Mrs. Wealthy. Now, my dear!

Wealthy. Now, Sir!---now, my dear!---What! I ſuppoſe I am to be catechiſed alſo by you.

Charles. Not at all, Sir, only---

Wealthy. Only what? I am not, perhaps, old enough to know how to conduct myſelf. I have lived then to a fine purpoſe indeed.

Mrs. Wealthy. My dear, he is coming.

Wealthy. Well, ſtay where you are, and I'll make up to him.---Now for my dexterity in managing this old fool.---How he ſtruts on-

wards! I hate the very ſight of him.---Oh! ho! he is making for the wall!---faith, and ſo will I. Though I came with peaceful intent, I ever will keep up the dignity of an Engliſh merchant.---What the plague! will not this proud don give way an inch?---then, hang me if I do. [*They meet face to face, and ſtare at each other.*]

Wealthy. Sir Adam---

Sir Adam [*ſternly.*] Sir!

Wealthy. I am glad to ſee you, Sir; how do you do this morning?

Sir Adam. Sir!

Wealthy. Sir, I aſk you how you find yourſelf this morning?

Sir Adam. Sir!

Wealthy. I am civilly enquiring after your health, Sir; will you favour me with an anſwer, Sir?

Sir Adam. Sir!---Will you ſuffer me to proceed in my walk, Sir?

Wealthy [*angrily.*] Firſt, Sir, you muſt ſhake hands with me.

Sir Adam. What, Sir!

Wealthy. I aſk you, Sir, to ſhake hands and dine with me, Sir: when we will make up all our diſputes over a bottle of Burgundy.

Sir Adam. Dine with you, Sir!

Wealthy. Yes, Sir, and ſup too, if you chuſe, Sir.

Sir Adam. I aſk you again, Sir, if you will ſuffer me to proceed in my walk?

Wealthy. Shall I have an anſwer to my invitation, Sir?

Sir Adam. It requires none, Sir: and ſo, Sir, do not obſtruct my paſſage.

Wealthy. If you chuſe to proceed, Sir, there is room enough on my left, Sir, for the paſſage of a perſon of fifty times your importance, Sir.

Sir Adam. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo groſsly ignorant as not to pay the reſpect due to my noble origin, I will withdraw, leſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed I mean to honour you with a competition, Sir. [*Exit.*

Wealthy. Ha! ha!---This old fool's pride is truly laughable, he! he! he!---I can't help laughing, though it provokes me to madneſs to ſee ſo conceited an old dotard.---I would cheerfully give a thouſand of my beſt guineas to have his great grand-fathers exalted upon a gibbet, and their worthy deſcendant in the ſtocks, viewing the exhibition. [*Exit.*

DEBORAH *enters on the ſide where Mrs.* Wealthy *and* Charles *are.*

Deborah. I thought Sir Adam was here.

Charles. Dear mother, ſpeak to her.

Mrs. Wealthy. I will.---I am afraid Mr. Wealthy has made but poor work with Sir Adam, Miſs Pedigree.

Deborah [*keeping at a diſtance.*] Madam!

Mrs. Wealthy. Allow me, Madam, to ſay a few words.

Deborah. To me, Madam?

Mrs. Wealthy. Yes, Madam.

Deborah. Upon what ſubject, Madam?

Mrs. Wealthy. Sir Adam and my huſband, I am ſorry to ſay, Madam, are not on the moſt friendly footing: it is a pity our children ſhould be the ſufferers. Could not you and I, Madam, endeavour to bring about a reconciliation?

[Deborah *retreats as the other advances.*

Deborah. Oh! no, Madam.

Mrs. Wealthy. Why, Madam?

Deborah. No! not for the world, Madam.

Mrs. Wealthy. Nay, Madam.

Deborah. I can't think of taking ſuch a ſtep, Madam.

Mrs. Wealthy. But, Madam---

Deborah. Indeed, Madam, you require an impoſſibility.

Mrs. Wealthy. Do but hear, Madam.

Deborah. Oh! Madam, it is quite unreaſonable to expect it.

Mrs. Wealthy. I have only one word to ſay, Madam.

Deborah. Indeed, Madam, it can't be---I am very ſorry to ſay ſo, Madam, but it can't be.

Mrs. Wealthy. A moment, Madam, will convince you that---

Deborah. I can't hear, Madam---indeed I can't. Sir Adam expects my preſence; and ſo, Madam, I wiſh you, Madam, a very good morning, Madam. [*Exit, curteſying.*

Mrs. Wealthy. Well, this is ridiculous beyond conception. How many perſons forfeit the reſpect they fancy themſelves entitled to, by the very means they adopt to increaſe it! [*Exit.*

Charles [*ſolus.*] How people can be ſo unforgiving, I wonder! I never could in my life bear malice. Revenge is ſo repugnant to my heart---It is like a cumberſome load which I ſhake off as ſoon as I can. Then the pleaſure of forgiving is ſuch---

Enter Lord DELVIL.

Delvil [*aſide.*] Whom do I ſee---my antagoniſt?---Come, Mr. Wealthy, give me your hand. So ſpirited a foe cannot fail to become a warm friend.

Charles. My Lord, I will never give my hand to a perſon, who ſeeks to rob me of the only bleſſing I care for in this world. [*Exit.*

Delvil. So, ſo. At leaſt there is frankneſs in the repulſe: a virtue we great men ſeldom meet with.---But what the devil have we got here?

Enter SCRIBBLE *the Poet, and* TAPE *the Tailor, at oppoſite ſides, bowing alternately to his Lordſhip.*

Delvil. Will there be no end to theſe ſalutations?---Again, again---and again. Pray, good people, what are you about? Are you playing a comedy?

Scribble. My Lord---I beſeech your Lord-

ſhip to view with favourable eyes the boldneſs of my Pegaſus, who, in his daring flight, attempts to ſoar up to your Lordſhip's grandeur.

Devil. Who the plague are you?

Scribble. My Lord, I am the famous Anthony Scribble, the greateſt poet in all Kent, who humbly comes to lay his muſe at your Lordſhip's feet.

Delvil. Well, and what then?

Scribble. Should your Lordſhip be at a loſs for a bouquet of verſes to a young lady, or an epigram for or againſt the miniſterial party, or an elegy on the death of a favourite lap-dog, or a ſonnet on a robin or a blackbird, or a lampoon againſt a private enemy---I will bind myſelf, my Lord, to produce them at an hour's notice.

Delvil. Is that all?

Scribble. I am likewiſe an excellent hand at an enigma, charade, rebus or logogriph, my Lord: moreover, ſhould your Lordſhip be inclined to adopt any productions of my muſe, ſuch as ode, elegy, epiſtle, idyl, eclogue, ſonnet, ſatire, or ſtanzas of poetry of any kind, I ſhould be proud of the honour, and your Lordſhip may depend on the ſtricteſt ſecrecy.

Tape [*aſide to Delvil.*] My Lord, the fellow is crack-brained.

Delvil. I perceive it.---As I ſee no probability, Sir, of my availing myſelf of your poetical aſſiſtance, I can only thank you for your civil offer. [*Going.*]

Scribble [*aſide.*] This Nobleman is hard of comprehenſion.---My Lord!

Delvil. Well, Sir.

Scribble. My Lord, I have juſt compoſed a moſt ſublime poem, which will to a certainty waft my name to the regions of immortality. The title is, *The Tauread*, or The Bull-fights in Spain. Should your Lordſhip honour me ſo far as to become a ſubſcriber for any number of copies, it will help me to undertake the printing, as the ſtupid bookſellers are ſo completely blind to its tranſcendant beauties, as to refuſe to ſhare my glory by publiſhing it at their own expence.

Delvil. Oh! ho! now I perceive your drift. ---[*To Tape.*] And you, Sir; what cauſe has drawn upon me the favour of your viſit.

Tape. My Lord, I am a tailor by profeſſion, and Barnaby Tape by name; but reſolving to ſtrike out of the common path for the benefit of the nation, I left off the practical, in order to apply myſelf entirely to the theoretical part of that very important profeſſion.

Delvil. Well, Sir.

Tape. Now, my Lord, I am come to beg of your Lordſhip to uſe your very extenſive influence, for the purpoſe of obtaining a patent for the moſt beneficial and brilliant invention that ever ſprung from the human brain---

Devil. Hey-day, what's that?

Scribble [*aſide to Delvil.*] My Lord, I aſſure you the fellow's ſtark mad.

Tape. My Lord, it is no leſs than an extenſive and beautiful improvement upon that modern invention of dreſs, commonly called *Spencers.*

Delvil. The devil it is!

Tape. Yes, My Lord---Spencers were evidently invented for the purpoſe of ſaving cloth; and ſo far, I give the inventor credit for his ingenuity. But, my Lord, I can do more: I will undertake to make a coat and ſeveral Spencers, with no more cloth than is neceſſary for a common coat.

Delvil. The devil you can!

Tape. Yes, my Lord, and as there is nothing like ocular demonſtration, I will exhibit to your Lordſhip a ſpecimen on myſelf. [*Takes off his great coat, and ſhews himſelf with ſeveral Spencers on of various colours.*]

Delvil [*laughing.*] He! he! he! what a droll figure!

Scribble [*aſide to Delvil.*] I told your Lordſhip the fellow's moon-ſtruck.

Tape. You ſee, my Lord, here are one, two, three Spencers, beſides the coat. Now, my Lord, the ſecret is very ſimple; therefore, its ſimplicity muſt add to the brilliancy of the invention---[*Aſide to Delvil*]---It is only to have upon your coat pieces of cloth of colours, ſtrongly contraſted, and artfully ſewed one above the other; ſo that, by a proper economy of cloth and management of ſhades, you may increaſe the number of Spencers *ad libitum.*

Delvil. And ſo, I am to obtain a patent for this brilliant invention of yours.

Tape. My Lord, the favour will lay my talents under an eternal obligation to your patronage.

Delvil. Well, Sir, it ſhall be done. [*Going.*]

Tape. My Lord!

Delvil. What next?

Tape I have another ſmall favour to aſk of your Lordſhip.

Delvil. What's that?

Tape. I have of late very much impaired my means, by making bold experiments for the public good. A trifle from your Lordſhip will ſet me on foot again.

Delvil. And ſo, Mr. Tape, and you, Mr. Scribble, came here on the ſame errand---and it ſhall be a fool's errand, I promiſe you. Had you at firſt told me your wants, I might have been diſpoſed to relieve them. But I hate round-about ſtories, and ſo, the money intended for you, ſhall go to the relief of this poor, old, hobbling devil, I ſee coming.

Enter a lame Beggar.

Beggar. My Lord, beſtow ſomething upon a poor, old, crippled ſoldier, who has fought many a battle for his king and country.

Delvil. You ſee, gentlemen, the fellow comes plump to the purpoſe. As a beggar, he begs openly and fairly.

Beggar. An't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I only

beg charity of the gentry, or ſo. I am above begging of common folks.

Delvil. What the devil! has pride found its way, even to wretches of thy condition? No matter, I believe thee moſt honeſt of the three, and ſo here are the two guineas. [*Exit.*

Beggar. Bleſs your charity, your Lordſhip. ---Huzza! God ſave the King! and damn the French! [*Exit.*

Scribble. Was ever a poet of my ſublimity ſo degraded? to be levelled with a tailor, and ranked below a beggar! I'll be revenged on the ignorant nobleman. I'll ſpeed this moment to my chambers---I'll ſatirize the Goth---I'll lampoon the Viſigoth---I'll epigrammatize the Vandal---The ſhafts of my wit ſhall pierce the Hottentot through and through.---I'll make a cullender of the Barbarian.

Tape. Well ſaid, friend tag-rhime---the fellow is not half ſo mad as I thought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE---*The Parſonage Houſe.*

Enter Dr. GOODALL *and* CAROLINE.

Goodall.

COME, young Lady, be not thus dejected. Unſuſpecting innocence could prove but a poor guard againſt contrivances and machinations

ſo diabolical. Yet, Madam, your ſubſequent conduct was ſuch as to merit the eſteem and admiration of every one.

Caroline. Your goodneſs, Sir, your conſoling words have already revived my ſpirits---but I am a ſilly girl. Pray, mock me not by expreſſions ſo flattering.

Goodall. I do you but juſtice.---By ſilently withdrawing from the man, who, having won your heart, threw off the maſk when he thought himſelf ſure of your perſon, and, by expatriating yourſelf to be entirely out of his reach, you gave an inſtance of virtue, unconquered by ſeduction, and untainted by vice.---But, young Lady, I think I may be the harbinger of gladful tidings.

Caroline. Gladful tidings to me, Sir! My heart has been long a ſtranger to emotions of joy.

Goodall. Is not your name, Caroline Sydney?

Caroline. Sydney, Sir!

Goodall. Yes, Madam, the daughter of Captain Sydney, of Suffolk.

Caroline. Heavens, Sir!---Who could inform you. Though diſhonoured myſelf, I yet hoped to have concealed the diſgrace brought upon my family.

Goodall. Madam, I admire your delicacy. I have been Captain Sydney's intimate friend, ſince he came to reſide among us.

Caroline. Bountiful heaven! are they---are my honoured parents in this neighbourhood?

Goodall. They are, Madam---Heaven ſeems to have ſent you hither to dry up their tears.

Caroline. Oh! let me haſten, let me fly to them---let me kneel for a bleſſing to my honoured father, and hide my glowing cheek in the maternal boſom.---But, no, Caroline! thou haſt brought ſhame and diſgrace on their once unſullied honour.---They would ſpurn thee---At thy ſight their hearts would bleed afreſh. Muſt I then be denied the only remaining felicity?---Yes, wretched girl, thy parents and thyſelf muſt ever remain aſunder.---Then, God of mercies! ſhower down every comfort on their venerable heads; and may the diſgrace of their unfortunate daughter be the laſt of their ſorrows.

Goodall. No, young Lady, no. You and your parents ſhall not remain aſunder.

Caroline. Sir!

Goodall. I am too ſelfiſh a man, to give up the ſhare of delight ſuch a meeting would afford me.

Caroline. Sir, could you really?

Goodall. Before this day is over, I hope to ſee you in their arms.

Caroline. Oh! then, on my knees---

Goodall. Oh! no, Lady---not at all---by no means. I am happy in the opportunity---but my impatience can wait no longer. I'll haſten to them this inſtant. You have had no reſt---you require ſome repoſe. Retire, and their preſence will gladden the moment you awake.

So, Lady, good bye for the preſent; good bye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE---*Mr. Wealthy's Houſe.*

Mr. and Mrs. WEALTHY, *Lady* PEDIGREE, FANNY, *and* CHARLES.

Fanny. Indeed, Madam, I muſt go to Caroline this morning.

Charles. Then, Fanny, I'll accompany you.

Fanny. No indeed---no profane lover is to be admitted into the ſanctuary of our friendſhip.

Lady Pedigree. My dear girl, I love to ſee you compaſſionate this unfortunate young Lady; but I am adverſe to your contracting a friendſhip with a perſon in her ſituation.

Fanny. Why, Madam?

Lady Pedigree. As a companion, ſhe is not fit for you.

Fanny. Who? the lovely, the intereſting, the accompliſhed Caroline?

Lady Pedigree. Indeed, my dear, you muſt give up her acquaintance.

Fanny. What, Madam! becauſe all the world deſert her, muſt I be ſo baſe, ſo cruel? Indeed, I never can. I ſhall love, eſteem, and reſpect her as long as I live.

Lady Pedigree. Eſteem and reſpect her as much as you pleaſe; but you muſt avoid all intimacy.

Fanny. How, Madam! am I then only to connect myſelf with thoſe I deſpiſe.

Lady Pedigree. I acknowledge the cruelty

and the injuſtice of what I recommend; but, ſuch are the laws of the world, and we muſt ſubmit.

Charles. I muſt take Fanny's part againſt your Ladyſhip; yet I am willing to conform to the laws of the world, as long as they do not contradict thoſe of nature.

Lady Pedigree. Romantic notions, Charles.

Charles. I hope not.---I truſt that pity, benevolence, humanity, and all the finer feelings, are too congenial to the human heart to be ſtyled romantic.

Fanny. Indeed, Madam, Charles is in the right.

Lady Pedigree. He is ever ſo with you---but, as we live in the world, we muſt do as the world does.

Charles. Your Ladyſhip would make almoſt a deſart of the world, by confining its inhabitants to the few idlers who broach their maxims, and to the ſilly ones who adopt them.

Mrs. Wealthy. Were the Doctor to ſit umpire in this cauſe, I think your Ladyſhip would be caſt.

Mr. Wealthy. Pray, Madam, who are the friends of this Caroline? What are they worth?

Lady Pedigree. She is of a reſpectable family, I dare ſay; though I ſuppoſe they are not in very affluent circumſtances.

Mr. Wealthy. In that caſe, young Lady, I adviſe you by all means to have nothing to do with her.

Mrs. Wealthy. You would fare worſe with the Doctor than her Ladyſhip.

Mr. Wealthy. Pſha! The Doctor is a Clergyman, and muſt preach: but I am a man of the world, and know how to act.

Fanny. Yet, Madam, you muſt give me leave to viſit her to-day.

Charles. Indeed, Madam, you muſt.

Lady Pedigree. Well, we'll think of it.

Fanny. Then, I'll go directly. [*Riſing.*]

Lady Pedigree. Not ſo faſt. I'll accompany you.---Mrs. Wealthy, will you be of the party?

Mrs. Wealthy. With all my heart. By the little I have ſeen of her, ſhe muſt be a charming creature.

Fanny. Indeed ſhe is!

Charles. Will nobody aſk me to be of the party?

Fanny. Charles, you muſt not come. You are too gay, too volatile. We intend to have the pleaſure of being ſad and melancholy, and you will be for ever making us laugh. So, you muſt ſtay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE---*Pedigree Hall.*

Enter Lord DELVIL.

Delvil. No news of Fanny's landing---How the devil ſhall I amuſe myſelf?---Every limb feels heavy as lead. [*Yawns.*]---Let's ſee---twelve o'clock---no more? Surely the world ſtands ſtill. [*Yawns.*] What the plague ails me?

Dullneſs is pictured in the face of every object I ſee; and I bid fair to become a picture of it myſelf. [*Falls in a chair, ſtretches himſelf, yawns.*] How confoundedly ſtupid this!---O that I were a goat-herd among the Alps!---There is ſome delight in feeling ſharp hunger on the brow of a peak, expoſed to the raging winds and drifting ſnow. But, to be a Lord, ſo loaded with fortune's curſes, and ſo drunk with pleaſure's nauſeous draughts, as to become dead to every ſenſation---Oh! the moſt acute pain is preferable to ſo torpid a ſtate.

Enter FERRET.

Ferret. My Lord! my Lord!

Delvil. Well.

Ferret. Good news, my Lord---excellent news.

Delvil. How?

Ferret. Now for the living of Dornton, my Lord.

Delvil. Pſha!---But what do you mean?

Ferret. Fanny Pedigree is arrived.

Delvil [*ſtarting.*] Fanny in England!---How! when?---where?

Ferret. She arrived laſt night.

Delvil. What, here? at her father's?---Impoſſible!---Surely, I ſhould have known it.

Ferret. At her father's!---No, there's a deep ſcheme againſt us.

Delvil. A fig for their ſchemes!---Tell me at once, where is the girl?

Ferret. Would not your Lordſhip firſt wiſh to know how I came by the intelligence?

Delvil. Curſe on your grinning!---Man or devil, tell me at once where ſhe is.

Ferret. Your Lordſhip, I preſume, will not forget the living of Dornton.

Delvil. I ſwear, that if thou tortureſt me a moment longer, I'll beſtow the living upon the firſt worthy parſon I meet.

Ferret. Then, my Lord, in one word, ſhe is at the parſonage.

Delvil. What!---at Goodall's?

Ferret. Yes, my Lord.

Delvil. William! William!---Curſe on the raſcal!---William! William!---I'll ſhiver the ſcoundrel's ſcull, for being out of the way.---William! William! William! [*Exit.*

Ferret [*ſolus.*] What a lucky thing for us clever fellows, who are free from prejudices, that the paſſions, whims, and weakneſſes of the opulent, are ſo many wires with which we can, at will, move the puppets!---Yet, Delvil, ſuch as he is, towers above his noble compeers. Faith, the puny beings of the day are like Alexander the Great. The word Glory, ſtimulated him to atchieve noble and ſtupendous deeds: and our modern heroes are led into every ridiculous and contemptible folly by the magic word---Faſhion.

Enter JAMES, ROBERT, *and* NANCY, *Servants to Sir* ADAM PEDIGREE.

Robert. What the deuce ails my Lord?

James. Robert, what's the matter?

Robert. I juſt met him in the ſtables, curſing, ſwearing, prancing, and kicking, as if fifty devils had poſſeſſed him. Now and then it runs into my head, that he is not quite right in his ſenſes.

Nancy. I am ſure he is quite the gentleman. 'Twas but yeſterday he made me a preſent of a guinea, in ſo civil, genteel, handſome a manner!---O! he is all over the gentleman.

James. The deuce he did! and for what?

Nancy. For no other reaſon, I ſuppoſe, than becauſe I happened to be in his way.

James. To give a guinea away, gratis!---that's ſtrange too.

Nancy. To be ſure he took a kiſs or two; but then, you know, one is obliged to bear twenty times as much from your country ſquires, for twenty times leſs money.

Robert. Well, ſay what you will, all his money, fine eſtates, and good things, are thrown away upon him: for, inſtead of ſitting down quiet, and making himſelf comfortable, he is always fretting, vexing, and thwarting himſelf.

James. That makes the proverb true---God ſends meat, but the devil cooks.

Robert. Very true, maſter James. 'Twas but t'other day, as I ſtood in the garden, reſting on my ſpade, I was ſaying to myſelf, what a pity it was, I was not born a gentleman and a man of fortune.

Nancy. Then, what would you have done, Robert?

Robert. What would I have done?

Nancy. Yes.

Robert. I would not to be ſure be for ever ſhifting my dwelling-place, like a wandering Jew, as my Lord does; or gallopping all over the country, as a devil in a high wind: but I would ſit down at home, ſnug, eaſy, and comfortable, ſleeping all night long, and drinking and ſmoaking all day.

James. Pho! Robert, thou haſt no taſte, man: thou art only fit to be a parſon.---But if I was a Nobleman---Zounds! how I would daſh away! I would ſhew the world, what it is to be a man of ſpirit. I would never be at reſt a moment. In the morning, a fox chace---after dinner, full bumpers---in the evening, deep play---and, for the night, a ſmart wench, my boy. O! I would kick up ſuch a duſt, as to outmatch the beſt Lord in the land.

Robert. Pho! pho! James, there is nothing like being ſnug. Don't you think ſo, Nancy? What would you do, if you was a fine Lady?

Nancy. Lord! if I was a Lady, what a charming life I would lead! I would make people pay me ſuch reſpect---they ſhould call me my Lady, and your Ladyſhip, at every word. Then, I would be dreſt up ſo ſmart and ſo faſhionable---I would command the beſt milliners in town. Then, in a fine coach and four, I would take the air, or viſit Lords and Ladies---for I would have nothing to do

but with people of faſhion. Every night I would drive to the opera, or to a ball; for I like dancing to my ſoul. Then, how charming to hear people call out---here is my Lady! ---room for my Lady! Or, for a fine young Nobleman to come up and ſay---my Lady, will you allow me to be your Ladyſhip's partner?---Does your Ladyſhip wiſh to take ſome refreſhment? --- What does your Ladyſhip chuſe?---Juſt as your Ladyſhip pleaſes. O! 'tis delightful even to think on't---

James. Well ſaid, Nancy---the girl has ſome taſte. But, if I was a Noble Lord---[*the bell rings.*]---Zounds! I muſt away to my maſter. O! if I was a Noble Lord, I would make the bell ring in my turn, with a vengeance. [*Exit.*

Nancy. And I too muſt wait on my miſtreſs. ---O! was I but a fine Lady, I would make every body wait on me. [*Exit.*

Robert. And I muſt trudge on to the garden, there to dig and plant till doomſday.---O! for the luxury of having nothing to do. [*Exit.*

SCENE---*The Parſonge Garden.*

Enter Lord DELVIL.

Delvil. Happy Delvil! before thee ſtands the houſe which contains---Love! Propitious Love! direct me to the faireſt of thy nymphs! The carriage is waiting---the horſes are ready to fly---the air's impatient to convey the ſignal. ---O crown with ſucceſs this glorious day, and

thy Delvil will ever acknowledge and worſhip thee as a divinity ſupreme.---By all that's lucky! the houſe door open, and no one near! ---Now for it---quick and cautious---reſolved and daring---and the day is ours. [*Exit.*

SCENE---*The Parlour.*

CAROLINE *aſleep on the ſopha.*

DELVIL *enters.*

Delvil. By Venus! here ſhe is---and aſleep! Fanny! thou art mine.---O my heart! lay ſtill ---exult not yet. Now's the time!---Charming creature!---awake not. I'll fly, and give the ſignal, and then---[*Going, returns*]---Let me take one kiſs firſt.---[*Kneels, ſtoops and recognizes* Caroline---*ſtarts back amazed. A pauſe*] ---Immortal Powers! whom do I behold?--- It is---it cannot be---[*riſing*]---By heavens! it is Caroline!---[*Recedes from the ſopha. A pauſe.*] ---But, how is it poſſible?---Do I dream? I may have been deceived---a falſe light---my own fancy.---It can't be---Yet ſo clear a viſion! ---As it ſtruck mine eyes, my heart felt electric. At all events, I will not be the dupe of my imagination---I'll have another look.--- [*Returns towards the ſopha, then ſtops.*] I dare not.---The ſight of a divinty could not awe me more.---Delvil, recall thy courage; conſider the object of thy illuſion.---Great God! it is Caroline!---All the ſenſations of my being bear teſtimony to her reality. [*Conſiders her awhile, then with* attendriſſement] This then is Caroline

---the poor betrayed Caroline! wrapt in the ſleep of innocence, when the heart of her ſeducer is a prey to the rage of contending paſſions!---Alas! What emotions I feel---Delvil, thine eyes are moiſt!---How----does the tyger within allow thee to weep? O lovely object!---how placidly mild!---yet, how reproachful!---ſhe ſeems to ſay---Delvil, what had I done thee to uſe me thus unkindly? Sweet injured innocence!---I ſwear by the tortures I endure, to do thee ample juſtice for every wrong thou haſt ſuſtained---But, what object lays by her!---Criminal father!---'tis her---'tis thy child!---[*Takes it from off the ſopha*]---I remember it was but a month old when ſhe ſought elſewhere a refuge againſt my villainy.---What tender, what bitter emotions do I feel, as I preſs it to my boſom!---'Tis the impulſe of nature. O Ferret! theſe are no prejudices.---How the ſweet innocent ſmiles!---So did its mother in the days of innocence and love.

Child. Mama!

Delvil. Mama!---O ſound which cuts me to the heart!---Yes, and I will be thy papa---thy guide, thy protector: thou ſhalt be the child, and thy mother the wife, of my boſom.---What delightful ſenſations run through my whole frame!---Never before did my heart know what pleaſure was.---And was it to deprive myſelf of ſo many months of bliſs, that I played the villain!---The veil of folly is rent---O Nature! re-aſſume thy ſway in my heart.

Falſe pleaſures---deluſions of vice---I diſcard ye all.---[*Kneels by the ſopha, with the child in his arms.*]---Yes, Caroline, yes---I ſwear by thee, by thy child, to conſecrate my whole life to thy happineſs: and, if thou deemeſt my tears, my bitter remorſe, my repentance not ſufficient to atone for the vile uſage thou haſt received at my hands---let this ſweet babe, the offspring of our love, be the peace-maker, and as thou claſpeſt it to thy boſom, ſay, O my child! I forgive thy father. [*Reſts his head on the edge of the ſopha*; Caroline *awakes.*]

Caroline. 'Tis long ſince I have enjoyed ſo ſweet a repoſe.---Good God! who's here?

Delvil. Caroline.

Caroline. Delvil!---my child! O monſter! [*Faints.*]

Delvil. O Caroline, hear me!---pity me---forgive me---I am come to make thee full reparation.---O deign to ſpeak to thy remorſeful lover!---What, not a word---not a ſingle look!---Alas! I deſerve thy utmoſt rigour.---'Sdeath, ſhe is motionleſs.---Caroline?---What ſhall I do.---[*Rings with violence, returns to the ſopha.*]---I am diſtracted---[*opens the door*]---Help! help! good people.

Enter Lady PEDIGREE, *Mrs.* WEALTHY, *and* FANNY.

Delvil. Good Ladies, for God's ſake, give ſome relief here.---O diſpatch.

Fanny. What has happened?

Mrs. Wealthy. What have you done, my Lord?

Lady Pedigree. Your Lordſhip here!

Delvil. Aſk no queſtions, but go and revive that young Lady.

Fanny. Caroline, my ſweet friend, awake, 'tis thy friend that calls thee.

Delvil. Alas! ſhe anſwers not.

Lady Pedigree. Poor thing! is there any danger, Mrs. Wealthy?

Mrs. Wealthy. I hope not, Madam.

Fanny. God forbid!

Mrs. Wealthy. 'Tis over---ſhe revives.

Delvil. O heaven! I thank thee.

Fanny. Caroline, my ſweet girl---

Lady Pedigree. Huſh! diſturb her not.

Caroline. Where---where is my child?

Fanny. Here is thy child.

Caroline. Is he gone?

Mrs. Wealthy. Gone!---Who?

Lady Pedigree. Whom do you mean, my dear?

Caroline. Delvil---I mean Delvil---he would have robbed me of my child.

Delvil [*kneeling.*] Hear me, Caroline---

Caroline. O ſave me! ſave me!---there he is again.

Fanny. Be not afraid, my ſweet friend, no body will hurt you.

Caroline. Yes---yes---he will---O ſave, ſave me from that man.

Mrs. Wealthy. My Lord, let me adviſe you

to withdraw. Your preſence may endanger her life---in a calmer moment---

Delvil. I underſtand you, Madam; I am gone.---Curſe on my folly and myſelf.

SCENE---*Captain Sidney's Apartment.*

Capt. and Mrs. SIDNEY.

Capt. We muſt not thus ſurrender ourſelves to ſorrow;---yet, the deep wound the dear, ungrateful girl has inflicted on my heart can never heal.---But, come, let us cheer up---let's try however.---Ah! it won't do.

Mrs. Sidney. No, no, it never will.---Alas!

Capt. But it muſt---we muſt ſhew ſome fortitude. Well---I am myſelf again. Come, let's endeavour to find out ſome diverſion---can you think of any, my dear?

Mrs. Sidney. Were our Caroline ſtill with us, we ſhould not be looking for pleaſure---her preſence would inſpire us with it. But ſhe is gone, alas! never to return.

Capt. Oh! ſhe was a ſweet, dear girl.

Mrs. Sidney. So dutiful!

Capt. So attentive; ſo enlivening!

Mrs. Sidney. So obliging; ſo affable to her friends!

Capt. So kind to ſervants; ſo charitable to the poor!

Mrs. Sidney. So good humour'dly witty; ſo candid, ſo averſe to ſcandal!

Capt. Very true---ſhe had neither rancour or envy; her own faults ſhe could detect and avow, but was ever ready to conceal or palliate the defects of others.

Mrs. Sidney. She was the girl of my heart.

Capt. The delight and pride of mine.

Mrs. Sidney. The favourite of all her acquaintance.

Capt. But we muſt refrain from diſcourſing about that dear, loſt girl; it only increaſes our ſorrow, by making us the more ſenſible of our loſs.

Mrs. Sidney. I feel intereſted only in thoſe topics of converſation in which ſhe is concerned.

Capt. Oh! Mrs. Sidney, how ſimilar are our feelings? Yet, indeed, we muſt ſtrive to divert our thoughts from a ſubject ſo pleaſingly melancholic.

Mrs. Sidney. Ah! Captain, ſhe is ever uppermoſt in my thoughts, ever preſent to my mind.

Capt. Yet we muſt endeavour to drive her image away.---But, my dear, do you remember what a ſweet, delightful voice ſhe had?

Mrs. Sidney. Oh! yes. When ſhe ſung, all was huſh'd: to her melody every heart was open, and refined from whatever was mean.

Capt. The very recollection thrills my own. She was all perfection; ſhe---but I'll ſay no more, I muſt endeavour to forget her.

Mrs. Sidney. O! it is impoſſible---I ſhall ſooner forget my own exiſtence; but, alas! ſhe is no more to me.

Capt. No---the ſweet, charming, perverſe girl, has robbed me of my peace, my happineſs, and of my honour too!---O! I ſhall never---never forgive her.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Doctor Goodall, Sir.

Capt. Shew him in, by all means.

Mrs. Sidney. How kind of him to come ſo often to conſole us; but he is ever the friend of the unfortunate.

Enter Doctor GOODALL.

Capt. My good friend, you are heartily welcome: yet, I am afraid you will chide us; we were breaking through your preſcriptions. You forbade us to make our dear run-away the ſubject of our fire-ſide converſation, and we were---

Goodall. Well Captain, ſince you are ſo refractory to my preſcription of ſilence, I'll make a bold experiment, and try whether I cannot effect your cure, by allowing you to talk of your Caroline.

Mrs. Sidney. O Doctor, the talking of her, like a mirror, will only ſerve to bring her image to our fancy.

Goodall. So I was thinking: then, ſuppoſe I bring, not to your fancy, but to your ſight, her perſon, inſtead of her image?

Mrs. Sidney. How, Doctor?

Capt. What am I to underſtand?

Goodall. My good friend, I'll keep you no longer in ſuſpenſe. Your Caroline is living and found.

Mrs. Sidney. Caroline living and found!

Capt. My daughter!

Goodall. Yes, your Caroline---your daughter---and as lovely, and as virtuous as ever.

Mrs. Sidney. God of mercy!---But where is ſhe?---O let me fly---

Goodall. A moment's patience, Madam.

Capt. Are you in earneſt, Doctor?

Goodall. She is at this moment in my houſe.

Capt. and Mrs. Sidney. In your houſe!

Goodall. Yes, Captain---impatiently waiting to receive your bleſſing, and her mother's embraces.

Mrs. Sidney. Oh! this moment---my dear---my good Doctor, take me directly with you.

Goodall. Come then, Madam; and in a few minutes you will behold the moſt amiable of daughters. But, Captain, you are ſilent---what! have you no deſire of ſeeing your long-loſt Caroline?

Mrs. Sidney. My dear, why ſo thoughtful? you look as if this unexpected bliſs was unwelcome to you.

Capt. [*after a long inward ſtruggle.*] Doctor, you behold in me the moſt wretched man alive!

Goodall. How, Sir?

Capt. Hear me---That I love, that I doat,

that I almoſt adore this child of my heart, who was once my Caroline---is, alas! but too true. Now, conceive, if you can, the wretchedneſs of my ſituation, when I tell you, that, although her abſence has made my heart bleed at every pore,---yet, when ſhe is found and ready to fly into my arms,---I muſt turn from her, and debar myſelf of the greateſt of all delights.

Mrs. Sidney. What do you ſay, my dear!

Goodall. And why, Sir; for what purpoſe ſuch inſtance of ſelf-denial?

Capt. She has brought diſgrace and infamy on my name: my honour, hitherto without a ſtain, and acquired by forty years of an irreproachable life, would partake of her guilt, were I to receive her, after ſhe had forfeited her own.

Mrs. Sidney. My dear, we muſt forgive what's paſt, eſpecially if ſhe is repentant, as the Doctor ſays.

Goodall. And this is, Captain, your objection ---the bar to your own felicity.

Capt. It is ſo, Doctor; you ſee I am doomed to be for ever wretched.

Goodall. Infatuated man!---and ſo your honour commands you to torture your own heart, for the purpoſe of ſhewing yourſelf unfeeling and unforgiving to your unfortunate daughter, at a time when ſhe ſtands moſt in need of the protection and ſolace of a parent! Is this honour?---or, is it inhumanity! Miſtaken

mortals! we are for ever complaining of the hardſhip of our lot, and are the firſt to caſt away happineſs, to create our own miſery, by ſacrificing the feelings of nature to the chimeras of prejudice.---Captain Sidney, come to yourſelf! and remember, that where the laws of nature are outraged, thoſe of honour cannot exiſt.

Capt. Ah! Doctor! you, Clergymen, pay little attention to the feelings of a ſoldier.

Goodall. My good friend, have but the feelings of a MAN, and they will honour and dignify you, whatever be your rank and ſituation. But, come; do not let us poſtpone a moment longer the dear girl's felicity and our own.

Mrs. Sidney. Mr. Sidney, allow yourſelf to be perſuaded; indeed you muſt accompany us: without your preſence our joy would be incomplete.

Capt. Well, Doctor, I will attend you---there is within me too powerful an advocate in favour of your arguments to be eaſily ſubdued.---Yet, Caroline---my Caroline to run away from us, and to ſuffer herſelf to be ſeduced, like a vile harlot!---Oh! ſhe has ſilenced my pride and broken my heart.

Mrs. Sidney. To be ſure, ſhe muſt have been a very ſly, artful, giddy girl, to have come to this.

Goodall. Mrs. Sidney,---Captain,---believe me, ſhe has been moſt vilely treated. Every infamy has been practiſed to bring about

her ruin: and where is the wonder, that a ſimple, innocent girl ſhould fall a prey to that complication of villainy, which wealth, unreſtrained, can practice and purchaſe.

Capt. Has ſhe really met with foul play?

Goodall. As foul as heaven is pure; and, when you hear her ſtory, which I will relate to you in our way to the Parſonage, you will weep for the ſufferings of your Caroline, at the ſame time that her conduct will command your admiration.

Capt. Oh! then, I forgive her.---But, may this arm become palſied with the wrath of heaven, if I do not wreak my vengeance on the infamous ſeducer of my daughter!

Goodall. Come, come, this is tarrying too much: let us now give ourſelves up to every ſentiment of joy; and we will think of revenge when our hearts refuſe to yield more agreeable ſenſations.

Mrs. Sidney. O my daughter! ſhall I behold thee once more! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE---*The Parſonage Garden.*

Enter DELVIL.

Delvil.

I Cannot leave this ſpot, or bear longer the cruel ſuſpenſe---I muſt ſee her---ſhe muſt hear me, and forgive---Kind heavens! here ſhe is.

Enter on the oppoſite ſide CAROLINE *and* FANNY.

Delvil [*aſide.*] Now, Delvil, go and plead thy cauſe: tell her of thy repentance, of thy reformation; on thy knees urge her forgiveneſs, and live with her hereafter ſo as to deſerve it.---I dare not.---In a bad cauſe I never wanted aſſurance; yet, ſtrange, in the act of atonement it fails me.---Ah! her preſence inſpires me with as much awe as love.

Fanny [*at the ſame time.*] Dear Caroline, endeavour to forget that wicked man; and think only of the pleaſure of meeting your friends, after ſo long a ſeparation.

Caroline. Fanny, you miſtake the cauſe of my uneaſineſs; it proceeds, believe me, only from the fear of not obtaining their forgiveneſs. My father, though the beſt of parents, is inexorable where he thinks the honour of his family concerned, and---

Fanny. Caroline, let us return to the houſe.

Caroline. Why ſo ſoon, my dear?

Fanny. Look yonder, there he is.

Caroline. Who? --- Heavens! --- Delvil! --- Shall I never be freed from that man?

[*He bows reſpectfully to her.*

Fanny. Let's begone before he overtakes us.

Caroline. Stay---Yes, I am reſolved---'tis the only method to free myſelf from his perſecutions. Dear Fanny, ſtand by me, and I will ſpeak to him. [*Advancing to* Delvil.]

Fanny [*following her.*] What are you doing, Caroline?

Caroline [*to Delvil.*] My Lord---before you ſtands Caroline Sidney, once happy and peaceful in the protection of fond and indulgent parents. She boaſted, alſo, of numerous friends, who could ſhew their love for her without a bluſh.---My Lord, by you, ſhe has loſt, with her honour---parents, friends, peace and happineſs! I come not to reproach. If you feel not that you have treated me barbarouſly for my partiality to you, I will not endeavour to bring the ſenſe of my wrongs home to your heart. But, my Lord, after having reduced me ſo low, ſurely your perſecution ought at length to ceaſe. All I aſk, is, to be left to my fate.---O ſpare the remaining days of the broken-hearted girl---and for that one conceſſion, ſhe will even thank her undoer.

Delvil. Oh! Caroline, how much you wound my heart!---No further perſecution ſhalt thou dread from me.---Oh! would but my Caroline forgive what I have already done!

Caroline. My Lord, I do forgive you.

Delvil. Then, on my knees, let me adore ſuch celeſtial goodneſs.

Caroline. Theſe rapturous expreſſions once entrapped my ſimple heart; bitter experience has ſince taught me the neceſſity of preferring the coldneſs of indifference to the profeſſions of *your* love.

Delvil. Never, Caroline, never can you be

indifferent to me; my heart is bound to thine with indiſſoluble chains.

Caroline. There was a time, my Lord, when *I* thought ſo: your Lordſhip can beſt tell the man who convinced me of my folly.

Delvil. Caroline, I have been guilty, and, if you will not allow me to atone for my crimes, the ſequel will ſoon ſhew the ſenſe I entertain of your injuries.

Caroline. A compliance with my requeſt is the only atonement I deſire.

Delvil. What requeſt?---Oh! name it---my whole ſoul is bent on obeying thy commands.

Caroline. Then, my Lord, I intreat you to leave me undiſturbed. My body and mind require peace and quiet; and in your preſence I never can taſte either.

Delvil. Caroline, hear me---I conjure you to hear me.

Caroline. My Lord, what good will it anſwer?

Delvil. Oh! hear me---drive me not into deſpair.

Caroline. Well, then---what have you to urge?

Delvil. Caroline, in thoſe happy days, when I firſt obtained thy eſteem, I ſwear my views were as pure as your own.---Oh! had I but hearkened to the ſuggeſtions of my heart, I ſhould not now curſe my exiſtence: but it was my misfortune to give my confidence to a villain, who, paid by my father for the purpoſe, poiſoned my mind with the prejudices of rank,

and the maxims of a rake; furniſhed me falſehoods and contrivances, to prevail upon you to conceal our love; in ſhort, he was the ſham prieſt who performed the rites of our marriage, having ſucceeded in perſuading me, that I ſhould not forfeit your love by a diſcovery of the vile, the infamous deception.

Caroline. Well, my Lord, it is ſufficient.

Delvil. O! hear me yet.---But what was my diſappointment, my anguiſh, my deſpair, when the next day I found you was gone---gone, no one knew whither! How I then felt, bitterly felt, the conſequences of my treachery! From that moment commenced my repentance, but not my reformation. I ſtrove to ſilence the voice of conſcience, by plunging headlong into a ſea of diſſipation: I endeavoured, by forming new connections, to forget thee, to drive thy image from my heart---and the hope of ſucceeding with this lady brought me into theſe parts. But this morning, when, inſtead of meeting with your friend, as I expected, I found Caroline, my loſt Caroline, aſleep, with my child in her arms!---Gracious God! who can deſcribe the ſenſations, the remorſe, the revolution I felt through my whole being!--- Yes, Caroline, I ſwore then, and I now repeat that oath, to make thee full reparation for every wrong. O! allow me to be thy huſband, that I may complete thy felicity, retrieve my own, and, by fulfilling the ſacred

duties of nature, become, indeed, the father of my child.

Caroline. My Lord, it gives me great ſatisfaction to hear you talk in this ſtrain of repentance and contrition; for, though I conſider no longer my deſtiny as wedded to your's, I ſhall always feel intereſt in the welfare of a perſon, once ſo dear to me. Now, my Lord, as I have heard you, allow me to withdraw; and may you, by perſevering in ſentiments ſo laudable, become, what nature intended you, an honour to ſociety.

Delvil. And ſo, Caroline, you leave me.

Caroline. Delvil, I muſt.

Delvil. You muſt!---Is it thus you conſult my welfare?

Caroline. I am firſt bound to conſult what I owe to myſelf.

Delvil. Are you then implacable in the ſenſe of your injuries.

Caroline. I told you, my Lord, I forgave the author of them.

Delvil. You forgive, and you withdraw your hand from me!---No! I accept no ſuch forgiveneſs. In the whole univerſe I conſider as a bleſſing, you only---without you, every thing to me becomes a curſe. Oh! Caroline, refuſe me not; render me not the moſt miſerable of beings.

Caroline. My Lord, if your are ſincere in the vehemence of your paſſion, I pity you

indeed, becauſe my duty forbids me to comply.

Delvil. Your duty!

Caroline. Yes, my duty; and too dearly have I ſuffered by ſwerving from its laws, to be again induced to infringe them.---And ſo, my Lord, farewell!

Delvil. Stop, Caroline.---My duty, my conſcience, and a ſentiment more powerful than either---my love, commands, compels me, not to ſuffer thee to depart.

Caroline. How, my Lord!

Delvil. Happineſs or miſery, life or death, muſt be the reſult.---No; I cannot part with thee---by the eternal God, I never will!

Caroline. How!---would you force me? I inſiſt upon being allowed to withdraw.

Delvil. Thine own commands I now diſregard, and attend only to the dictates of my heart. Caroline, you muſt be my wife---no power on earth can prevent our union.

Caroline. No, my Lord, never.

Delvil. May the God of heaven---

Caroline. How little do you know Caroline, when you think to frighten her into compliance.

Delvil. Say then thou art mine---and I am all ſubmiſſion, all paſſiveneſs.

Caroline. My Lord, I will not be your wife; becauſe I think you beneath me.

Delvil. Beneath you, Madam?

Caroline. Yes.---Whatever applauſes your

confederates might beſtow on the ſucceſs of your plots, the poor undone Caroline ſtill riſes ſuperior, and ſmiles with pity on her ſeducer.

Delvil. Caroline! though guilty towards thee of the baſeſt ingratitude, yet, I feel, I have a heart worthy of thine.---O! truſt to my reformation; be my guide, my fair monitreſs; become my wife, and---

Caroline. My Lord, you once could have commanded my hand; you thought the gift of yours too high an honour for me; yet, you were pleaſed to offer me a ſecondary rank in your affections---

Delvil. Mention not that inſtance of my folly, my preſumption---of my impiety.

Caroline. And now, becauſe in a moment of fervor you think proper to deſcend from your high rank, to propoſe yourſelf as my huſband, I am meanly to accept the hand you once withdrew from me!---No, my Lord, Caroline Sidney is ſtill too proud, ſtill too highly reſpects her ſex to deſcend ſo low.

Delvil. Well, Madam, ſince my entreaties are of no avail; ſince you are inexorable to my ſupplications; ſince you decree my wretchedneſs---your decrees I will fulfil. But expect not I quit thee---Oh! I feel it impoſſible to be where thou art not.---[*Kneels.*] Caroline---by our firſt love---by every plea from my heart---by the moſt endearing ties of nature---for thy own welfare, as a daughter, wife, and mother, repel me not. O grant me thy forgiveneſs,

and thy Delvil will ceaſe to love, to adore thee, but when his heart ceaſes to beat.

Caroline [*after ſome heſitation.*] My Lord, believe me, the many cogent reaſons---

Fanny. Caroline, your parents are entering the garden with the Doctor. [Delvil *riſes.*

Caroline. Heavens!---My Lord---indeed I muſt requeſt you to withdraw.

Delvil. Say then, you forgive me.

Caroline. Would you take advantage?---My Lord, pray be gone---you and my father muſt not meet.---Here they are---I beſeech you to leave this place.

Enter Doctor GOODALL, *Captain and Mrs.* SIDNEY.

Goodall. Captain, Mrs. Sidney, there ſhe is.

Caroline [*in their arms, attempting to kneel.*] O my father, my dear mother!

Capt.
Mrs. Sidney. } My Caroline! my daughter!

Capt. This happy meeting, ſo unexpected, repays me for every moment of ſorrow.

Mrs. Sidney. Caroline, you will ſtill find in your friends all their former love.

Caroline. And do you indeed forgive me?

Capt. Yes, Caroline, I will ever call thee my daughter with pride. Our good friend, the Doctor, has acquainted us with the particulars of thy ſad ſtory.---My blood boils to take vengeance on the infamous ſeducer of my child.

Delvil [*advancing.*] Here, Captain---here is the ſeducer of your daughter, ready to meet your ſword.

Caroline. Oh! my Lord, what are you doing?

Capt. Draw, villain, and receive thy death at my hands; or deliver me from an exiſtence thou haſt rendered intolerable. [Goodall, *Mrs.* Sidney, *and* Caroline, *ruſh to interfere.*]

Caroline. My father---
Mrs. Sidney. Mr. Sidney--- } [*At the ſame time.*]

Goodall. What are you doing, Captain?---Will you ſtain with blood the meeting of paternal and filial affection?

Capt. Draw your ſword, my Lord.

Caroline. For heaven's ſake, Sir, forbear!

Goodall. Captain, you muſt---you ſhall put up your ſword.

Capt. Never, till I am avenged.

Goodall. My Lord---ſuch an intruſion in this place, and at ſuch a time, I conſider as unmannerly as it is unwelcome.

Delvil. Pſha!

Capt. I call upon you, my Lord, to give me inſtant ſatisfaction, for an outrage the moſt infamous a father can receive in the perſon of his child.

Delvil. What is the ſatisfaction you require, Captain?

Capt. What ſatisfaction?

Delvil. Yes, Sir.

Capt. That of waſhing away the affront my

honour has received in the blood of my daughter's ſeducer.---So Sir, draw, and defend yourſelf. [Goodall *withholds his arm.*]

Goodall. Stop, Captain---as far as my power goes, it ever will prevent an homicide.---Indeed, you muſt put up your ſword.

Caroline. Oh! my father, refrain; let not my guilt hurry you to ſuch extremities.

Delvil. Caroline, why reſtrain him? his ſword cannot inflict on my heart ſo deep a wound as your cruelty.

Capt. My Lord, dare you meet me like a man? Conſcious as I am of your villany, I now even ſuſpect your courage.

Delvil. Since I have forfeited Caroline's good opinion, I give myſelf little or no concern about that of others.

Capt. What! would you have my daughter thank you for your vile treatment of her?

Delvil. No, Sir; but I would intreat her to allow me to atone---but ſhe is implacably unforgiving.

Capt. Now, my Lord, I begin to gueſs the reaſon of your intruſion. You was in hopes of inducing her to become again a ſummer companion to your Lordſhip.---I am now prevented from taking the full revenge my inſulted honour calls for; but never will I reſt till I have chaſtiſed ſuch a baſe and foul deceiver.

Delvil. Captain, your threats, your abuſes I heed not---yet as the father of my Caroline---

Capt. Thy Caroline!

Delvil. Yes.

Capt. How dareſt thou call her thine?

Delvil. Mine ſhe is, and ever ſhall be.

Capt. God grant me patience!

Delvil. Yet, as the father of my Caroline, I let you know, that I intrude not here to induce her to be my ſummer companion, as you term it; but I came to intreat her to ſanctify by law, what ſhe already is in the affections of my heart---the wife of my boſom, the honourable mother of my child, and the ſharer of my fortune.

Mrs. Sidney. What do I hear?

Capt. Are you in earneſt?

Delvil. Never, never was my heart more ſo.

Goodall. And would your Lordſhip really conſent to give the young lady's friends ſo noble a ſatisfaction?

Delvil. Conſent!---Oh! obtain but her's, and I will be indebted to you for more than the moſt unbounded gratitude can repay.

Mrs. Sidney. Surely, my dear, you do not object to my Lord's honourable propoſal.

Delvil. Alas! ſhe does---ſhe has remained inexorable to every plea my heart could urge.

Capt. Caroline---your acceptance or refuſal involves the reputation of your family, your own honour, and the future welfare of your infant. If you reject my Lord's propoſals, I

muſt expect to hear your reaſons, for not attending to theſe weighty conſiderations.

Caroline. I wiſh not to aggravate, by recalling what is paſt---but after his Lordſhip's ſucceſsful attempt to make me ſwerve from the line of duty, by the trick of a ſham marriage, and then offending me with a propoſal I ſhould bluſh to mention, it would be forfeiting what I owe to myſelf, and to my ſex, were I to accept his hand, merely becauſe he now chuſes to offer it.

Delvil. Oh! Caroline---

Caroline. Beſides, my Lord, there is another reaſon, which, with both of us, muſt have great weight. No marriage can be happy without a perfect eſteem for each other. Now, my Lord, it would be very imprudent in me to take for my huſband that man, during my connection with whom, I have experienced a conduct ſo diſhonourble; and, on your ſide, the knowledge of my frailty will ever prevent your Lordſhip from entertaining for me, as your wife, that reſpect founded on eſteem, which is the firſt requiſite in the matrimonial ſtate.

Delvil. Captain---Doctor---you hear her---theſe are the reaſons on which ſhe grounds her inflexibility.

Capt. My dear girl, I think this is refining too much.

Caroline. Oh! my mother, take my part---they are all againſt me.

Goodall [*takes her by the hand.*] My charming young Lady, the delicacy of your ſentiments, joined to a conduct ſo dignified, have raiſed in me the greateſt admiration, and, did you ſtand unconnected in this world, ſole judge of your actions, and having to conſult but the ſuggeſtions of inſulted honour, I would myſelf adviſe you to adhere unſhaken to your preſent determination.---But, ſituated as you are, with the debt of gratitude to diſcharge towards your parents, the no leſs heavy debt of maternal duty towards your infant, and, in ſome meaſure, to attend to the opinion of the world, I muſt give you a contrary advice; for, in a ſocial ſtate, ſo numerous are the ties of affinity and the claims of friendſhip, that he is even culpable, who is ſelfiſhly virtuous.

Delvil. Now, Doctor, you are indeed my friend.

Goodall. My Lord, it depends upon you to make me ever ſo---But, Captain, I ſide ſo far with your lovely daughter, as to be againſt any haſty cloſing with his Lordſhip's propoſals.

Delvil. Ah! Doctor, you become my foe once more.

Goodall. My Lord, I never was; and I aſſure you, I have no doubt of the ſincerity of your preſent diſpoſition; but time alone can prove its ſtability.

Delvil. Well, Sir, if Caroline conſents, yourſelf ſhall name the time neceſſary for my probation:---but, you men of patience have ſuch

ſtrange notions of time! A month, a year is but one day with you.

Capt. Doctor, we all conſent to be guided by your directions.---Don't you, Mrs. Sidney?

Mrs. Sidney. Certainly, there cannot be a fitter perſon. Come, Caroline, you muſt alſo give your conſent.

Caroline. I can never be againſt the wiſh of my honoured parents, and what Doctor Goodall approves of.

Delvil. O Caroline! I underſtand you; never, bewitching girl, never ſhalt thou have cauſe to repent.---Now, Doctor, pronounce the dread judgment---But be merciful! weigh the hours, the minutes, in a lover's ſcale.

Goodall. Well, then, my Lord, attend to my moſt ſolemn award.---If, dating from this day onward, until the expiration of ſix calendar months, Miſs---

Delvil. Six months! ſix eternities!

Capt. I confeſs, I would have given a ſhorter period.

Mrs. Sidney. Indeed, I think it a very fair deciſion.

Delvil. Ah! Madam! you muſt then never have loved:---But, Caroline, have you nothing to ſay in mitigation.

Caroline. My Lord, the law is pronounced---and by it I muſt abide.

Delvil. Oh! but---

Enter FERRET *in haſte, pulling* DELVIL *by his coat.*

Ferret. My Lord! my Lord!

Delvil. What?---how came you here, Sir?

Ferret. I have made a confounded miſtake; the blundering fool gave me a wrong direction ---Your Fanny is at old Wealthy's.

Delvil. Look yonder, Sir---there is *my* Fanny.

Ferret. Ah!

Delvil. Do you know that young Lady, Sir?

Ferret. Softly, my Lord, ſoftly.

Caroline. Oh! there is the man who married us.

Goodall. Then, Madam, you are legally married; for this gentleman, I underſtand, is in orders.

Delvil. Alas! he was not a Prieſt then. I cauſed him to be inveſted with that ſacred character as a reward for---

Ferret. What are you ſaying, my Lord?--- you betray us both. [*Aſide.*

Delvil. Begone, villain! begone---or, on this ſpot, thou ſhalt receive the full reward of thy villanies.

Ferret [*aſide.*] O ho! I ſee how the coaſt lies---a pretty ſtory for the old Earl. [*Exit.*

Goodall. Come, my friends, let's walk into the houſe, you muſt be my gueſts this day. I expect other viſitors, whoſe intereſts are ſo blended with yours, that the felicity of the one

party would be incomplete without that of the other.

Delvil. Generous Caroline! bleſs me with thy hand, and let me imprint on it the kiſs of reconciliation. But, indeed, ſix months is too long a time!---is it not, Captain?

Capt. Well, well, have patience; we'll find means to ſhorten it. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir ADAM, *leading* DEBORAH PEDIGREE.

Deborah. Sir Adam Pedigree, a behaviour ſo derogatory is inſufferable.

Sir Adam. Miſs Pedigree, what new offence have I committed?

Deborah. Go, Sir, you ought to bluſh for carrying with ſo ill a grace the cumbrous weight of the great name you bear.

Sir Adam. How, Madam?

Deborah. How, Sir! Becauſe in your progreſs thither a common fellow takes off his hat to the repreſentative of the Pedigrees---a token of reſpect he is in duty bound to perform---you muſt, you, Sir Adam, put yourſelf on an equality with a plebeian, by likewiſe uncovering yourſelf!

Sir Adam. Nay, Madam, I aſſure you I only touched my hat, thus---

Deborah. And that is too much, Sir: a perſonage of your conſequence ſhould act and behave as if he were unconſcious of the exiſtence of any other beings than Nobles and Grandees.---Then, but yeſterday at dinner---

Sir Adam. Nay, Miſs Pedigree---

Deborah. Nay, Sir Adam, it is my duty to tell you of your failings; and the reverence I bear to the memory of my anceſtors calls loudly for the performance of it---therefore I muſt proceed. Yeſterday at dinner, becauſe his Lordſhip, my Lord Delvil, related to us a droll ſtory, you muſt burſt out a laughing, like one of the vulgar!---and in the preſence of the ſervants too!---how indecorous!

Sir Adam. Nay, I aſſure you, the ſervants had withdrawn.

Deborah. Are you ſure of that, Sir Adam?

Sir Adam. O yes, very ſure. I looked round me before I ventured to laugh, otherwiſe I would not have committed myſelf ſo far.

Deborah. That is certainly ſome mitigation: but, ſtill you ſhould not have demeaned your importance by a loud, horſe laugh, thus---Ho! ho! ho! But, as the ſtory was told of a worthy Baronet, by a noble Lord, I would myſelf have admitted of a gentle, diſcretionary laugh, juſt thus---He! he! he! though I always conſidered laughter as too vulgar to ſit well on the muſcles of Sir Adam Pedigree.

Sir Adam. Well, I'll take care how I laugh in future.

Deborah. As for me, I make it a point never to be ſeen laughing. But, if a perſon of quality condeſcends to become jocular with dignity, I always reward him with an intellectual, well-bred, diſcreet, intelligent, ſmile of

approbation, thus---[*ſmiles conceitedly.*]---But to be guilty of an horſe-laugh, I would almoſt prefer to have five quarters of our illuſtrious lineage curtailed, than---

Sir Adam. Nay, Miſs Deborah Pedigree, nay---

Deborah. Indeed, Sir Adam, you do not keep up as you ought the ſtatelineſs of your rank.

Sir Adam. Nay, nay---

Deborah. I would recommend to you to follow the advice of the ſenſible Mr. Ferret: to take every morning before your appearance in public, two or three turns in the picture gallery; in order to tune the muſcles of your viſage, and the ſtatelineſs of your deportment, up to the lofty decorous diſplay of features, that are the auguſt characteriſtics of our noble anceſtors.

Sir Adam. So I will, ſo I will. But, now we are before the Doctor's houſe, can't you gueſs the reaſon for his invitation.

Deborah. All that my ſagacity has imparted to me, is, that it muſt be upon buſineſs of high import: for Doctor Goodall is a man of too great diſcretion and diſcernment to ſend us an expreſs upon a trifling ſubject.

Sir Adam. Very true, Miſs Pedigree, very true---ſo I was thinking.

Enter FANNY PEDIGREE *at the oppoſite ſide.*

Fanny. I did well to check the deſire I had

to be preſent at the meeting of Caroline and her friends. I thought the ſight of a ſtranger would damp the joy, which---Heaven! whom do I ſee? my father and aunt!

Sir Adam. Miſs Deborah, look this way---this young Lady is ſo like our daughter!---it can be no one elſe.

Deborah. It is certainly my niece.

Fanny. It is too late to run away: they have diſcovered me. How I wiſh to fly into their arms! Yet, I muſt not. I am afraid to do miſchief.

Sir Adam [*his ſpectacles on.*] Oh! it is my daughter---how fortunate!---My---[*going to her, then ſtops midway.*]---Softly, 'tis her duty to pay her obeiſance firſt---No matter; I can't repreſs---yet my dignity forbids---for this once I muſt give way to my feelings.---My daughter---Miſs Pedigree!

Fanny. Ah! Sir, my dear father.

Deborah. I am aſhamed for Sir Adam---how could a brother of mine betray a weakneſs ſo derogatory!

[*Sir* Adam *leading his daughter to* Deborah.]

Sir Adam. Miſs Deborah Pedigree, give me leave to preſent you my daughter, and your niece, Miſs Fanny Pedigree.

Deborah. How do you do, my dear---I am vaſtly glad to ſee you, child---but, where is her Ladyſhip?

Sir Adam. Aye, where is my Lady?

Fanny. My mother, Sir, is in this houſe.

Enter GOODALL.

Goodall. Sir Adam, Miſs Pedigree, I was waiting your arrival with impatience.

Sir Adam. Doctor, how came I not to be appriſed of my Lady's and my daughter's arrival in England?

Goodall. Do me the favour, Sir, to walk into the parlour; you will there meet with your Lady and ſeveral friends; and then I will clear up this myſtery, I hope, to your ſatisfaction. Madam, will you favour me with your hand? [*To* Deborah.]

Deborah. Sir, you are vaſtly polite.

SCENE---*The Parlour.*

Doctor GOODALL, *Lord* DELVIL, *Sir* ADAM, *Lady* PEDIGREE, DEBORAH, FANNY, *Captain and Mrs.* SIDNEY, *and* CAROLINE.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mr. and Mrs. Wealthy and ſon.

Goodall. Shew them in.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. WEALTHY *and* CHARLES.

Goodall. Now we are all met, I'll proceed to buſineſs.---Mr. Wealthy, favour me with your hand.

Mr. Wealthy. My hand, Doctor?

Goodall. Yes, Sir, your hand.

Mr. Wealthy. But, for what purpoſe?

Goodall. That will ſoon be explained to you.

---[*Takes his hand, and leads him to Sir* Adam.] Now, Sir Adam, I muſt likewiſe requeſt the favour of your's.

Sir Adam. But, Doctor, I muſt know the reaſon.

Goodall. The reaſon is obvious, and ſo pray refuſe me not.

Sir Adam. Yet if it is for the purpoſe of---I cannot think---

Goodall. Sir Adam, you know I am ſometimes obſtinate; and, I aſſure you, I am now moſt peremptorily ſo; therefore---

Sir Adam. Well, Doctor, rather than make you angry, here it is---but---

Goodall [*joining their hands.*] There---Be reconciled to each other, and never quarrel again: you are neighbours, and ought to be friends.

Mr. Wealthy. How, Doctor! can a man of my wealth---

Sir Adam. Is a perſonage of my importance---

Goodall. My good friends, ſince you have condeſcended to quarrel like children, imitate them likewiſe in their forgiveneſs.

Sir Adam. But, Doctor, my ſentiments and Mr. Wealthy's are ſo diſonant---

Mr. Wealthy. Very true.---Sir Adam is for old pictures and duſty records, and I am for ſterling worth.

Goodall. Come, come, notwithſtanding all this, you think alike in the main.

Sir Adam. } Impoſſible!
Mr. Wealthy. }

Goodall. Sir Adam, ſpite of the high regard you entertain for noble origin, do you think true nobility can be without honour?

Sir Adam. No, Doctor, certainly not.

Goodall. Very well, Sir.---And you, Mr. Wealthy, though you value yourſelf upon your riches, can you give your eſteem to a perſon, however opulent, who is devoid of honeſty?

Mr. Wealthy. I muſt be as great a knave as himſelf, if I did.

Goodall. So, Sir, after all you prefer honeſty to wealth.

Mr. Wealthy. I do, Sir.

Goodall. And you, Sir Adam---Honour is ſtill more precious in your ſight than illuſtrious deſcent.

Sir Adam. Aſſuredly it is.

Goodall. Then, Sir, can you conceive honour to exiſt without honeſty?

Sir Adam. Impoſſible.

Goodall. And, Mr. Wealthy, can there be any honeſty without honour?

Mr. Wealthy. Moſt certainly not.

Goodall. Then, Gentlemen, as your notions, however diſſonant, ſpring from the ſame *honeſt* and *honourable* ſource, let that idea pervade your future diſcuſſions, and mutual eſteem will then ſoften the aſperity of controverſial argument.

Sir Adam. Doctor, you are an extraordinary

man---there is no refuſing you any thing; nay, in your preſence, I often ſeem to dwindle into a mere plebeian.

Mr. Wealthy. He is certainly a ſtrange fellow; for, when in his company, my wealth ſeems to vaniſh in the air; and I can't help fancying him the richer man of the two.

Deborah. Juſt now I had a great deal to ſay againſt the reconciliation; but this Doctor ever ſilences me.

Goodall. This mighty affair being ſettled, let us proceed to the next.---Charles Wealthy, where are you?

Charles. Here am I, Doctor, and there is Fanny.

Goodall. That's right.---Come then, my young friends: in the preſence of your parents, here I join your hands, never to be parted.

Deborah. Not ſo faſt, Doctor, begging your leave. My niece is promiſed to his Lordſhip, my Lord Delvil.

Lady Pedigree. Siſter, ſiſter, ſhe never can be Lord Delvil's. Mr. Charles has our promiſe and her affections, therefore---

Deborah. How, my Lady! can you heſitate to prefer a Nobleman to a Citizen?

Lady Pedigree. That is as the caſe ſhould happen to be. But, in this inſtance, I am not diſpoſed to trifle with my promiſe and the feelings of my daughter.

Deborah. Your daughter's feelings, and your

Ladyſhip's promiſe, when a coronet is in the caſe!---I never heard the like--ſurely you are all mad!

Sir Adam. Yet, my Lady, the ſuperior pretenſions of my Lord---

Mr. Wealthy. How ſuperior, Sir---let me tell you that---

Mrs. Wealthy. My dear, pray argue the matter coolly---you are flying in a paſſion already.

Mr. Wealthy. And ſo I ſhould, woman, when I hear language ſo derogatory to the dignity of an Engliſh merchant.

Sir Adam. Mr. Wealthy---a perſonage of my conſequence is not accuſtomed to hear himſelf interrupted.---I was going to obſerve that the dignity of my ſtation demands---

Mr. Wealthy. Sir, let me tell you that the dignity of my profeſſion requires---

Sir Adam. Well, Sir, ſince you will obtrude ---proceed.

Mr. Wealthy. I beg your pardon, Sir---after you.

Sir Adam. I was going to obſerve that---

Deborah. Sir Adam, ſpare your obſervations, you demean yourſelf by entering into details. It is condeſcenſion enough to intimate, that your daughter and my niece ſhall be Lady Delvil.

Mr. Wealthy. Oh! with all my heart; a lucky eſcape this for my ſon.

Charles. At all events, Fanny, the Doctor has joined our hands; and the words he then pronounced, I conſider as the nuptial bleſſing.

Goodall. My Lord, ſpeak.---A word from you will ſoon make this mighty uproar ſubſide.

Delvil. Sir Adam, I have excuſes to make to you, your Lady, your lovely daughter, and to Mr. Charles Wealthy, and---[*looking round*] ---I believe, to all preſent.

Deborah. So, ſo, I am included in the lump. Well, I have lived to ſee and hear ſtrange things.

Sir Adam. How, my Lord?

Delvil. For impoſing upon your credulity, by attempting ſelfiſhly to blaſt the felicity of a couple ſo well matched, in order to gratify the luſt of a momentary paſſion.

Sir Adam. What am I to underſtand?

Delvil. Sir Adam, I confeſs it now with ſhame. The views I had on your daughter were far from being honourable.

Sir Adam. How, my Lord? did you---could you dare to think of caſting on the noble daughter of the Pedigrees a thought, that is not, in every reſpect, ſtrictly honourable?---Where is my ſword?

Goodall. Sir Adam, ſhould the blood of any one be deemed neceſſary to waſh away the ſtain brought upon your honour, your's is the firſt that ought to flow.

Sir Adam. How, Sir?

Goodall. As the principal tranſgreſſor in this affair.

Sir Adam. I the tranſgreſſor?

Goodall. Yes, Sir, yourſelf. To this young

man you promiſed your daughter; you ſuffered their affection to ſtrengthen into love; yet, to gratify your ruling paſſion, you would have ſelfiſhly ſacrificed the feelings of your child, and lecreed the wretchedneſs of the perſon whom ou ſo lately conſidered as your ſon-in-law!---ndeed, Sir Adam, it was cruelly done.---But, come, let us atone for paſt errors by preventing their return; for ſo few and tranſient are the days of our life, that it is a pity repentance for paſt offences ſhould embitter that portion of exiſtence, which we might otherwiſe enjoy in the ſelf-applauſe of having fulfilled our moral obligations.---My Lord, you are beginning a career, which, if you perſevere in, will lead you to the greateſt felicity here below. The term, ſix months---the prize, your Caroline---the enjoyment of it, the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved her.---Oh! my Lord! what bleſſings can a Nobleman of your rank and fortune reap for himſelf and confer on others!---How beneficial! how extenſively impreſſive is the influence of wealth, when adorned with virtue and guided by reaſon! My Lord, the patrician order loſes daily its importance: it demands for ſupport the moſt dignified conduct. The country, depopulated by the prevailing rage of flocking to cities, requires the authority of example to reſtore a taſte for the charms of rural life. The numerous martyrs to prejudice, and the ſlaves of faſhion, will ſhrink in the preſence of the

virtuous Nobleman, who feels no impulse but that of nature, and acknowledges no laws but those of reason.---Oh! my Lord! practise what *we* preach---and our country will owe more to the force of your example, than to the writings of a Locke or the victories of a Churchill.

THE END.

4 AP 54